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THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly pamphlet of thirty-two pages, will contain the proceedings of the American Seamen's Friend Society, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labor of local independent Societies, in behalf of Seamen. It will aim to present a general view of the history, nature, the progress and the wants of the **SEAMEN'S CAUSE**, commending it earnestly to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of all Christian people.

It is designed also to furnish interesting reading matter for Seamen, especially such as will tend to their spiritual edification. Important notices to mariners memoranda of disasters, deaths, &c., will be given. It will contain correspondence and articles from our Foreign Chaplains, and of Chaplains and friends of the cause at home. No field at this time presents more ample material for an interesting periodical. To single subscribers \$1 a year invariably in advance. It will be furnished Life Directors and Life Members gratuitously, *upon an annual request for the same*. **POSTAGE** in advance—quarterly, at the office of delivery—with in the United States, *twelve cents a year*.

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Any Sabbath-School that will send us \$20, for a loan library, shall have fifty copies gratis, monthly, for one year, with the postage prepaid by the Society.

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THE SAILORS AND SEAMENS FRIEND. MACAZINE

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No. 11.

THE BERMUDA ISLANDS—THEIR SALUBRITY.

BY REV. J. WESLEY HORNE.

When the winter is approaching, in the northern States, many persons of delicate constitutions are, from year to year, inquiring, "Whither shall we go to escape the severity of the cold, and to enjoy a warm and genial climate?" I would answer, "Go to the Bermudas!" But the reply would perhaps be made, "Where are the Bermudas, and what are some of the facts concerning them?" Such questions I feel myself somewhat qualified to answer, because I have repeatedly visited those islands during the last twenty-five years, and especially because I spent the last winter amid their mild and delightful scenes.

The Bermudas, then, are a cluster of small islands, of the coral formation, belonging to the British Government, lying out in the Atlantic ocean, in a southeasterly direction from New York, about seven hundred miles distant, and in the latitude of Savanah or Charleston. They are, therefore, situated in the temperate zone, but not very far from the northern edge of the torrid. And so they enjoy a medium temperature and equable climate, the extreme points of the mercury being, I should say, 86° and 56° , Fahrenheit. The intense fervors of the torrid zone

do not afflict them, and the bitter cold of the temperate zone does not freeze them.

In the hot season, from July to October, both months inclusive, the sun's rays are warm, and the reflection from the white limestone of the streets and of the houses, as also from the calm clearness of the glittering seas, is great; but then the heat is moderated by the incoming breezes, all the day long, from every quarter of the all-surrounding seas. But in the cool season, from November to June inclusive—which is the time during which visitors should go to the islands—the climate is delicious, being that of a sort of *perpetual Indian summer*. It is a luxury to be out of doors, and to breathe through all your being the pure-tempered atmosphere, and bathe in the mellow sunshine, and wander, at will or fancy, without screen or umbrella, over all the green hills or sequestered valleys, or on the cliffs of the sea-shore; or boat it among the little coral islands, or in the land-surrounded bays and sounds. The nights, too, at this season, are so pleasant for deep, wholesome slumbers, cool enough to make a good blanket desirable, while you sleep and sleep away, to the lullaby of

sighing winds and surging seas; or if the northern storms raise their voices, or the waves take hoarser tones, gathering the cover closer around you, and breathing a prayer to God for the mariner battling with the tempest, you sink down into profound slumbers, where the raging and roaring of winds and waves reach not the rest of the entranced spirit.

I left New York amid the keen winds of last December, and in three or four days was amid the bright, balmy seas and groves of Bermuda. Returning to the city, I left the islands early in March. The trees had put on their greenest robes, the orange and lemon were white with their delicate blossoms, the birds were filling the air with their love notes, and the crops of onions, potatoes and tomatoes were fast ripening for the gathering.

Let it be noted that, during the summer season, the *sea-bathing* is superb. Everybody almost can swim—man, woman and child—and there are bathing-houses or places everywhere—the nicest, the cleanest, the purest pools of water you ever saw.

The mild beauty of the scenes, ever before your eyes, is conducive to health. Not the towering mountain, or the vast plain, or the yawning precipice, or the grand billowy-ocean; but the gentle hills ever green with the Bermuda cedar, amid which the Palmetto nestles its leaves; and the narrow vales, verdant with grass or various culture; and the headlands, so gracefully tapering out into the waters; and fruits and flowers, of many hues and kinds, from torrid and temperate zones; and snow-white cottages, on hill-tops and sides, and down by the water's edge, embowered with flowers and shrubbery; and the gentle sea, as if enamored of the land, coming up with such crystal clearness, or so delicately tinted with green or blue, among the coral reefs, into the smoothest, snuggiest-wooded nooks and inlets one ever dreamed of. And you may look down fathoms deep, through these clear waters upon the coral groves, and the ma-

rine gardens, and the sea-flowers, and the fish, in schools or pairs, sometimes so strangely beautiful.

The quiet and cleanliness of the islands are also welcome elements of health. No clouds of flying dust, no dirty smoke of coal, no muddy streets, no reeking offal, no restless, surging crowd, no yelling, hideous mob, no rushing cars, no rumbling omnibuses, no rattling, whizzing machinery. The life-plants, and lantana, and aromatic cedars, that cover the hills, shed not their leaves; the short grass spreads a fresh carpet over the vales; the roads are white and macadamized; the houses are annually whitewashed; in the towns there is stir enough of business to give an edge and variety to life; carts and carriages are running backwards and forwards;—but over all the islands, with their inland waters, there rests the quiet as of a blessed Sabbath, through which the churches of the *Establishment*, as the English Church is called, and of the Methodists, invite to that deeper repose to be experienced in the true, reverent worship of God.

And there may be found choice and select society in the islands, with much of cheerful culture and refinement. The people are kind, warm-hearted, and hospitable, as I have myself experienced, and shall never forget.

There are walks in Bermuda, over the hills and through the vales, and around the edges of the sea—beneath the shade of cedars and of orange-groves—for friends and lovers, in holy union and communion, to enjoy, that cannot be surpassed on earth. And towards the setting of the sun, and in the moonlight eves, get into your skiff or yacht, and pull or sail away with true, congenial friends, over sounds unruffled by a storm, or away up into the creeks—never mind if the boat runs aground amid the sea-plants; you can wait, if you like, till the tide rises; and meanwhile look at the beauteous sea-plants, and at the woods—how still and reverent they keep, as if listening to the voice of God; and sing your songs, and talk the pure,

deep thoughts of hope, and heart, and life, to those who love you ; or look up into the deep blue sky, and think of the white-robed before the throne of God.

A cause, additional to those which have been mentioned, of the healthfulness of the Bermudas is the smallness of the individual islands. They are many, it is true, in number, but none of them of any considerable size, only the tops, more or less extended, of the coral reefs, rising to the surface from unknown depths below. The majority of them contain not more than a few square yards of coral rock, with the accumulated soil and verdurous clothing, and the very largest are but a score of miles or so in length and a mile or two across. The hillocks are low, one or two hundred feet in height, and the vales not broad, though fruitful and flowery ; and thus the breezes have free access, as they come fresh blowing in from the surrounding ocean, to every part of the islands, coursing up the hill-sides, and flowing coolly down into the valleys, while there are no deposits of detritus or of vegetable or animal matter, brought down by mighty rivers and left to decay and work corruption, or remote and heated corners of the valleys where miasma festers.

The woods, also, are clear and open. No reeking, tangled under-growth of prickly plants or cutting grasses, so frequent within the torrid tropics. Wherever the hand of cultivation has not cleared the hill-sides, the Bermuda cedar grows finely and freely, oftentimes attaining a stately stature, with its brushy branches ; but the trees stand well apart, as if in respect to each other ; and the mild-flowering lantana, with beds of life-plants that hang out their sets of pale-colored bells to ring out the soft music of the woods, and out of which the little children do so delight to make "flopplers," while they serve to cover and adorn the mother earth, offer no obstruction to the freest, fullest ventilation. You may wander at will or pleasure all along the cliffs and the crags, in-

spiring the sea breeze fresh from the ocean or the coral caves, delighting yourself with the crystal clearness of the waters, allowing you to look fully down upon all that grows or swims beneath the surface, or their delicate deepening tints away out into the "deep blue sea ;" taking very pleasant views of the commingling of land and sea, along the curves and headlands for miles of the coast, or extending those views away across the Atlantic to the distant curving boundary, where the ocean at length reaches out and up to touch the heavens ; or else you may wander in fancy, or in forgetful reverie lost, over the hills and through the vales, under the cedars, or beneath the lemons, and not anything will obstruct your inadvertent passage more formidable than the dewy spears of the clean "crab-grass ;" or the rustle of the palmetto leaf, or the flutter of the bright cardinal from the copse.

And then the clear sea comes flowing up all around the islands, and into the bays and inlets, ever refreshing the various sea plants, carrying cleanliness wherever it goes, and preventing all stagnation and tendency to putrefaction. The big billows break far out upon the coral reefs which surround the islands, laying upon their rough backs the burden of sea-weed that the rolling billows brought in from the Gulf Stream ; and now the smaller waves flow onwards, bearing along the portions of sea-weed that have been washed over the reefs into all the curves, especially of the north side, where the husbandman gathers it out of the water, and spreads it out to dry upon the rocks, afterwards mixing it with the manure, and laying it on to enrich the soil. The mangrove and the blackwood of the tropics do fringe the borders of the bays and nooks, and creep out somewhat into the shallow places ; but then the ebb and the flow, so regular, of the rippling tides, keeps everything fresh and wholesome, giving no chance to miasma to gather and thicken ; while the sweet, briny breath of the ocean and its gardens mingle, by day and by night, with

the aroma of cedar, and orange, and oleander, and jasmin.

And, once more, the water they drink on the islands is so good for the health! the pure wine of heaven, the very clear nectar of the gods! Wells are not to be depended upon, but every cottage has its cistern attached, and gutters and spouts lead down the innumerable gathered drops, when kind heaven empties its plentiful buckets upon the housetops as well as upon the thirsty earth, into the well-covered reservoirs. And these cisterns are kept very cool and clean, whitewashed over and over, as are also the roofs of the houses; so that the drinking water of the Bermudas is perhaps the purest and the sweetest in the world.

Only three or four times in the history of ages of colonial possession by Great Britain has any epidemic appeared and prevailed disastrously among the people, and then it happened either after some long drought followed by unusually heavy and continuous rains, or else through infection brought by vessels having disease on board from the West Indies. Indeed, British writers, who have lived for a time on the island

have remarked that were the Bermudas nearer to the mother country, and therefore better known, not Brighton, nor the Isle of Wight, nor the south of France, with all their attractions, could successfully out-rival the beautiful, salubrious Somers Isles.

I have not the statistics immediately at hand, but I believe they will show a longevity equal, at least, to that of the most favored spots of earth; and I am of opinion that more aged persons can be found there at any time, in comparison with the whole number of the population, than on almost any other portion of the earth.

But I have written enough. And now, when the time comes, go to 54 Exchange Place, New York, pay thirty dollars in gold for your passage by the *San Francisco*, starting twice a month from Pier 21, North River. Get on board in due time, and in three or four days you will be, *Deo volente*, in the blessed Bermudas, where in comfortable quarters that will be offered you on landing, make yourself at home, and stay in the islands as long as you can.—*Hearth and Home.*

AN ADVENTURE AT SEA.

BY N. S. DODGE.

We were in the Bay of Biscay, bound from Southampton to Malta. It was my first voyage in a sailing vessel, and was made for the sake of health during a summer vacation. Our ship had her yards braced sharp up on the port tack, and every stitch of canvas was drawing. The passengers were all standing on the poop, talking, joking, and looking forward to doing justice to a good dinner, when the lookout man on the foreyard suddenly sang out, "Sail ho!"

"Where away?" was the query from the officer of the watch on the quarter-deck.

"On the port bow," was the rejoinder.

The mate then asked what he made her out to be, and the reply

was that she looked like a full-rigged ship, but as she was running down before the wind he could not make out for certain what she was. The captain, being informed of this, soon came upon deck with his long glass and tried to find her. All of us who had telescopes went on the forecastle and swept the horizon forward, but could see nothing; but this was to be accounted for from the fact of her not having yet appeared above the horizon. However, in a few minutes we made the white sail out, like a speck in the far distance. The ladies now came on deck, and all eyes were bent on the coming stranger.

The breeze was freshening, and we were soon gratified by a nearer inspection of the approaching vessel. She proved to be a square-rigged

ship, with all sail set, royal and studding sails below and aloft, and on both sides. "She walked the water like a thing of life," and came down before the wind, leaping like a race-horse and dashing the foam away from her sides. There are few more beautiful sights than a fine ship keeling over under full sail, showing the copper on her weather side, her canvas bellying with the fresh gale, and her bows bending to her work like an athlete on the arena. All the sailors now crowded up as the word was passed that the strange ship wished to speak, for she was evidently steering to intercept us. Nearer she came, and still nearer, and, now that we could see her clearly, the passengers retired to the poop, the better to be out of the way and to hear all that passed. The captain sent for his speaking-trumpet, the sailors manned the shrouds, the first and second mate held the men in hand in case of need, look-outs were posted at various points, and the two ships, bows on, were every moment narrowing the waste of waters between them. The quartermaster, an old salt, pronounced her to be Swedish built. To induce her to show her colors, we ran up our ensign, and eagerly watched for a response. But no bit of bunting fluttered up to her mizen peak, and it began to be whispered that she might after all be a "rover free."

The wind was now freshening, but still the stranger carried her royal and studding sails and came bearing down upon us. We altered our course a point to ascertain whether she really wished to speak, and she appeared to follow suit. This seemed to decide the question, though she showed no colors, gave no indication of life on her decks, took in no sail, nor seemed aware of anything in her way. There is a law of the road at sea as there is on shore. Ships sailing near the wind on the port tack give way to ships on the starboard; and vessels running before the wind yield pride of place to those that are close-hauled. We were "full and by," that is, close-hauled. The stranger ran before the wind. Of

course we looked every moment to see her put her helm a-port. But there was nothing of the kind. She came dashing on. The wind increased, gusts of rain began to follow, thick low clouds scudded along the sky, but not a top-gallant sail did our mysterious opponent draw in.

The instant we were within hailing distance our captain's voice cried out, "Ship ahoy! What ship's that?" No answer. "Ship ahoy!" again rang over the waters. Still no reply to the summons. "What does this mean?" asked the captain of the first mate and a knot of passengers standing near him on the break of the poop. We looked anxiously at one another and then at the ship. What could be intended by this silence? Was it a *ruse* to carry out some diabolical purpose? Not a soul could be seen on her decks, which were now distinctly visible. "Ship ahoy!" for the third time Captain Hale bellowed out, and then ran to the quarter-deck; for it was now awfully certain that there must be a collision. "Hard up! Put the helm hard up!" he shouted to the helmsman, but it was too late. I saw how it was to be, and caught hold of the cross-jack lifts to steady myself. Like an avalanche the huge mass of wood and tall spars and bellying sails came down upon us, plunging into our port bow, causing every timber and plank to creak and groan as if our ship were being crushed. Masts and spars reeled, and our sails were thrown flat aback in spite of the breeze.

Several of the passengers were thrown down; the ladies screamed and fainted; the sailors rushed for the boats swung on the davits; and consternation was apparent everywhere. In an instant the bowsprit of the strange ship was over our decks, and but for our helm being hard up would have swept everything clear. As we payed off she nevertheless carried on her way, her huge bower-anchor, the flukes of which were hanging over her side, tearing all along our bulwarks, carrying away "dead eyes" and "lan-

yards" and laying our ship's side open. Aloft matters were even worse. Yards, studding-sail booms, and all kinds of gear were caught in inextricable confusion, and broken spars were falling all around. The noise of creaking timber and tumbling booms was terrific, and the dropping debris was threatening our lives and limbs. Nothing was to be done. The "way" the two ships had on them was all that saved us. They would have cleared each other even if all the masts had gone by the board.

Our opponent fared even worse than we. Her studding-sails were broken, and her foretopmast, carrying with it maintop-gallant mast and jib-boom, went like a reed. Still not a soul was to be seen on board. Look-out and poop, quarter-deck and helm, were without men. She seemed like a ship of the dead, as she tore her way from "cathead" to pennant of main brace, and broke out into the ocean.

We could now see our opponent more clearly as she dropped astern. She was a large ship, of about one thousand tons burthen, English built, and deeply laden. She looked like a perfect wreck, her rigging hanging about, her top-hamper trailing in the water, gear and sails following after. All this happened in less time than it has taken to narrate it. In fact, in a few seconds a fine ship was reduced to a pitiable wreck. Our thoughts were now centered upon our own safety. The first thing to discover was whether we were in a sinking condition. The captain ordered the carpenter to sound the well. He reported eight inches of water. A party was told off to the pumps, the gain upon us was checked, boatswain piped, "Hands clear the wreck!" and top-men streamed aloft to send down stumps of masts and straighten the tangled ropes.

It was fast getting dark, and now that our immediate safety was assured, we turned our thoughts to the stranger. When she first sheered off all her sails were flat aback, and she was evidently without guidance; but she soon fell off again before the

wind, and as before, plowed her way through the waters.

We could see her a long way astern. Watching the course she pursued and discussing the strange adventure, one of our number suddenly exclaimed, "Halloo! I can't make her out." We looked, but she was gone. There was nothing to be seen but rising waves and threatening clouds. The passengers were convinced that she had gone down. Our captain, however, would not listen to our entreaties to heave the ship to and send out boats. It was getting dark, he said, bad weather was ahead, and all must be made snug before the gale came on. Perhaps he was right in his opinion that it was the gathering mist that had obscured her. Perhaps, as the rest of us believed, she foundered then and there in mid-ocean.

The whole affair was shrouded in mystery. She may have been a ship abandoned in a calm, her sails being set to give her a last chance. Such things have been. She may perchance have been the theatre of mutiny, and her crew have given themselves to drunken revelry between decks. It was all inexplicable. To this day, five years after the event, neither her name nor country, the port from which she sailed, nor the haven whither she was bound, have ever been discovered. It is one of those unsolved mysteries that come too often across the path of those "who go down to the sea in ships."

—Christian Union.

Thrilling Life-Boat Incident.

The valuable life-boat, the *Bradford*, on the Ramsgate station, in conjunction with the steam-tug *Aid*, put out on the 23d December, 1870, during a strong N.E. gale, to the rescue of the crew of the ship *Providence*, of Waisa, which was totally wrecked on the South-East Calliper Sands. On arriving within fifty fathoms the anchor was let go, and the life-boat was veered down towards the vessel's port quarter, three or four of the crew being seen on that part of the wreck. A hawser was

then got on board from the life-boat, and the captain made an attempt to slide down the rope; but when half way a heavy sea swept him off. Happily, however, he was rescued, and got into the life-boat. The ship was now fast breaking up, the masts and spars falling overboard. One of the crew followed the master's example by sliding down the hawser; he also was swept away, but, happily, was afterwards saved by the life-boat. There now only remained one man and a boy on the wreck, and the former made a rope fast round his body, and plunged into the sea; but notwithstanding every exertion was made to save him, he was unfortunately drowned. The poor boy was then the only one left, and his screams to the life-boat men to save him were heartrending. For half an hour the brave fellows made every effort to do so; at last a tremendous sea struck the ship, nearly broke her in two, and the lad was washed overboard. The cable of the life-boat

was then cut, and she steered clear of the wreck, when providentially the boy floated near the boat, and was rescued. He was apparently dead; but after some time, the men succeeded in bringing him to. The life-boat then returned, in company with the steamer, to Ramsgate. Twelve of the vessel's crew had left her in their boat during the night, and it was feared had met with a watery grave; but fortunately they were saved by a passing vessel.

The same life-boat and two steam-tugs also succeeded, with much difficulty, in rescuing the ship *Constantia*, of Bremen, and her crew of twenty-six men, that vessel having grounded on the Goodwin Sands, in a heavy gale of wind, with heavy snow-storms, on the 26th December. On this occasion a very heavy ground-swell rendered it difficult to get the life-boat alongside the ship, and in doing so one of the life-boat men fell overboard, and was with difficulty rescued.

LIFE-SAVING HAMMOCKS.

Among the various articles designed to save life on occasions of disaster to ships, perhaps one of the most natural was a seaman's bed or mattress, composed of buoyant materials. Since the space on shipboard for the stowage of anything that is not indispensable is necessarily very limited, and in trading ships may often be of considerable money value, it is evident that all rafts, life-buoys, and life-belts labor under great disadvantage, in that they are of no use except for the one object which is their immediate function, and that they may, in the majority of cases, be kept through the whole period of a ship's existence without ever once having to be employed. Hence it only too commonly happens that the shipowner, shipmaster, and seamen, all alike, prefer running the risk which does not appear imminent, to putting up with the inconvenience that is always present. The expense of providing such things is likewise nearly always grudged.

To meet these objections, various articles of the necessary equipment of a ship have, from time to time, been proposed to be converted into floating bodies to serve as life-buoys, such as casks and water barrels, benches, chairs, and sofas, deck houses, skylights, &c., and, as above stated, seamen's mattresses or beds.

In consequence of so comparatively few fatal accidents happening to ships of war it has been principally with a view to their being employed in passenger and trading vessels that such things have been hitherto proposed. The great risk, however, that will be incurred by ships of war, in future, of foundering rapidly with all on board from the probable general use of torpedoes and steam-rams, has led thoughtful naval men to meditate seriously on the subject, and to consider what means it may be possible to adopt to lessen the great amount of loss of life which may be apprehended as likely to take place on such occasions. Among others

is Rear-Admiral A. P. Ryder, an officer who has ever been indefatigably zealous in promoting the welfare of the noble service to which he belongs, and on the efficiency and superiority of which the high position of this country must ever depend.

Recent experiments have proved that an ordinary sized cork hammock mattress, of the average weight of about $7\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., after being immersed in fresh water for an hour and a half, has sufficient buoyancy to support above the surface a weight of more than 37 lbs., which amount will support an averaged sized man with his head and entire shoulders above the water; and that after twenty-four hours' immersion, its buoyancy is not greatly diminished. There can be no doubt, therefore, that such mattresses would afford invaluable aid to any persons in the water who were unable to swim, or even to the best of swimmers if heavily clad, or having to remain some time immersed before being rescued.

In a ship of war hammock mattresses thus rendered buoyant would be especially suitable, since the hammocks, being stowed on the upper deck, would always be immediately at hand; and in the event of a sudden accident to a ship, such as the explosion of a torpedo under her or her being run down by another vessel, there would be a hammock for each of the crew; and a few spare ones might be kept stowed in the nettings for the purpose of practicing men in their use on suitable occasions, which would also then be available for the use of the officers of a ship on any such emergencies as those above referred to.

It would undoubtedly be necessary that a ship's crew should learn, by experimental trial, how to make the most of such aid, for, except in the case of a life-belt, which is securely attached round the body, a person may be drowned even with an amply buoyant article within his reach, from not knowing how to grasp it or how to use it advantageously. The most effectual mode of using such beds would be best ascertained by experiment, but we ap-

prehend that it would be found to be by bending the hammock, as lashed up and stowed in the netting, and bringing the two ends together, thus forming a species of life-buoy, shaped somewhat like a horse-collar, which the person using it would pass over his head and under his arms, in which position it would closely encircle his body. The two ends of the hammock would, of course, be securely lashed together, which might be quickly done by the ordinary lanyards by which the hammock was hung up when slept in.

The best material for the hammock itself would also be matter for consideration, and we are inclined to think one made of closely-woven cotton canvass would be both more buoyant and much more water-tight than the coarse hempen material commonly employed. The hammock lashings might also be of manilla rope, which is more buoyant than tarred hemp.

We believe that cork mattresses have already been adopted to a considerable extent in the Russian Imperial Navy; and we have reason to know that their adoption in that of France was under consideration at the time when the late unfortunate war commenced between that country and Germany. Entirely agreeing with Admiral Ryder that they would be a valuable acquisition to our own naval service, and believing that they would prove as comfortable beds to sleep on as those of the ordinary horse-hair or wool or other unbuoyant material, we trust that the Lords of the Admiralty will cause experimental trial of them to be made.

On the occasion of the destruction of H. M.'s ship *Bombay* by fire, near Monte Video, in 1864, referred to by Admiral Ryder, when no less than ninety-one men and boys perished alongside the ship, if each of them had had a hammock with cork mattress within their reach, when forced by the flames to jump into the sea, possibly not a single life would have been lost.—*English Paper.*

DESTRUCTION ON SEA AND LAND.

Florida papers give full accounts of the continuous and destructive tempests that occurred at the end of August upon the Southern coast of that State. The well-built seaports like Jacksonville escaped with comparatively little damage, but the exposed coast villages, as well as some of the inland towns, suffered severely. In the open country the violence of the wind prostrated corn, cotton and cane—damaged the cane irreparably by breaking the stalks or beating them down to the ground. Cotton is injured to an extent that can almost be called ruinous. At sea the scenes were fearful. The loss of the steamer *Mississippi* is very graphically described by one of her passengers, in one of the New Orleans papers. On the 24th of August, the storm raged so violently that the sea broke over the vessel with such force that it was thought that nothing could save the boat from going down.

At last the vessel struck upon the Florida reef, and the passengers, who had crowded into the main cabin, thought that the boat was going to pieces. At this solemn moment a member of the crew attempted to hand round the whisky bottle, but was promptly stopped by the indignant captain. Enormous waves then began to dash against the ship almost every half minute, lifting her up as though the immense mass of iron was but a toy, and then dashing her down against the rock with a horrible grating sound, which seemed to shake every bolt and rivet from its place. And so this long, horrible night dragged slowly along. Occasionally some one would make an effort to see the shore, but sky, rain, waves and spray all seemed one solid, undistinguishable mass, and to see the land through the pitchy darkness was impossible.

When day dawned, it was discovered that the ship had been beached within a short distance of shore; a rope bridge was formed and all the passengers and crew safely landed.

Some sail was sent ashore and pieces of wood-work and oars, with which a tent was improvised over some low stunted trees on the bank. The passengers, exhausted from constant anxiety and exposure, and wet to the skin, crawled under the tent; some sinking immediately into a deep sleep, while the more robust lent what assistance they could to the crew. Some blankets were next gotten off and distributed, and then some cold provisions were given out. The narrative thus continues:

A large bonfire was lighted, and then every one tried to find the driest place possible under the tent to rest their weary limbs. So passed Friday and Saturday. Very few had escaped without some cut or bruise, so that after sleeping on the wet bedding, stiff arms and legs were to be seen on all sides. The mates, with some of the men, were again sent on board, and during the day continued to send off provisions and other stuff from the wreck. Two of the small boats were still left unhurt, and these were lowered and hauled ashore. The captain's chart being brought off, we were found to be at Hillsboro' Inlet, about forty-three miles south of Jupiter. The inlet, which ran immediately behind our camp, was found to contain fresh water, which relieved us of a great anxiety. Some fish were washed ashore and fried, and crabs seemed to be plentiful in the lagoon, which also swarmed with alligators. All the passengers' trunks had been washed overboard from off the hatchway, where they were kept, and very few escaped with more than the suit they had on and what few articles they could pick up out of the water in the state-rooms.

Just about 5 o'clock on Saturday night a sail was reported, which proved to be the steamer *Cortes*, which had weathered the gale. She took the passengers off and brought them to New Orleans. Wreckers are trying to remove the cargo of the *Mississippi*.

The Great Canon of the Yellow-Stone.

The Great Falls are at the head of one of the most remarkable canons in the world—a gorge through volcanic rocks fifty miles long, and varying from one thousand to nearly five thousand feet in depth. In its descent through this wonderful chasm the river falls almost three thousand feet. At one point, where the passage has been worn through a mountain range, our hunters assured us it was more than a vertical mile in depth, and the river, broken into rapids and cascades, appeared no wider than a ribbon. The brain reels as we gaze into this profound and solemn solitude. We shrink from the dizzy verge appalled, glad to feel the solid earth under our feet, and venture no more, except with forms extended, and faces barely protruding over the edge of the precipice. The stillness is horrible. Down, down, down, we see the river attenuated to a thread, tossing its miniature waves, and dashing, with puny strength, the massive walls which imprison it. All access to its margin is denied, and the dark gray rocks hold it in dismal shadow. Even the voice of its waters in their convulsive agony cannot be heard. Uncheered by plant or shrub, obstructed with massive boulders and by jutting points, it rushes madly on its solitary course, deeper and deeper into the bowels of the rocky firmament. The solemn grandeur of the scene surpasses description. It must be seen to be felt. The sense of danger with which it impresses you is harrowing in the extreme. You feel the absence of sound, the oppression of absolute silence. If you could only hear that gurgling river, if you could see a living tree in the depth beneath you, if a bird would fly past, if the wind would move any object in the awful chasm, to break for a moment the solemn silence that reigns there, it would relieve that tension of the nerves which the scene has excited, and you would rise from your prostrated condition

and thank God that he had permitted you to gaze, unharmed, upon this majestic display of natural architecture. As it is, sympathizing in spirit with the deep gloom of the scene, you crawl from the dreadful verge, scared lest the firm rock give way beneath and precipitate you into the horrid gulf.—*N. P. Langford in Scribner's for May.*

What Becomes of Carbonic Acid?

Animal life and fire diminish the amount of oxygen in the atmosphere, while increasing the amount of carbonic acid. Hence, in the lapse of time, the present conditions for life would greatly change.

This is the more apparent since air containing as much as one per cent of carbonic acid acts already deleterious on the human system. But as animal life has existed for ages on the globe without producing any dangerous accumulation of carbonic acid in the air, there must exist a cause continually diminishing the amount of this gas in the air.

Vegetable life is this cause. Plants absorb carbonic acid from the air, build their substance mainly from the carbon contained therein, and give up a great part of the oxygen to the atmosphere. This is proved by the following facts:

1. Plants cannot grow in air completely deprived of carbonic acid, for, brought into such an artificially prepared atmosphere, they die.

2. When a small, living branch with leaves is brought into a glass vessel containing atmospheric air, the amount of carbonic acid in the latter diminishes, while the amount of oxygen increases, provided the plant be exposed to the sunlight.

Besides the carbonic acid, plants take also water from the air, and part of the latter is found to combine with the carbon resulting from the former. The principal parts of plants, such as woody fibre, &c., are indeed, composed of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, the latter two in such proportions as to be equivalent to car-

bon and water. Hence they are termed *carbohydrates*.

Decaying animal matter exerts a favorable influence on the growth of plants, constituting a ready source of nitrogen to the same.

Finally, from the soil wherein the plant has its root, the plant obtains those mineral matters which constitute the ashes of the plant when burnt.

The chemical life of plants thus appears to consist mainly in the decomposition of the carbonic acid taken from the atmosphere. The carbon is accumulated in the body of the plant, while the oxygen is returned to the air. But since carbonic acid results from carbon and oxygen under production of a great amount of heat, heat must be applied to it to separate the carbon from the oxygen. The life of plants, therefore, requires the expenditure of a great amount of heat or power to reduce the compound to carbon and free oxygen. The expenditure of heat is met by the sun's rays. Hence it is that plants grow only in the sunshine.

Since animals cannot live without plants, and since the plants require the power of the sunbeam in order to separate the oxygen from the carbon, we see that the sunbeam is the true source of all physical life upon the earth.

Since, finally, the muscular power and the heat of animals are due to the combustion of carbon and oxygen, both furnished them by the sun's action on the plant, the life of animals, both in regard to heat and power, is a direct effect of the sunbeam, being neither more nor less in amount, only changed in form.—*Scientific Monthly.*

The Ophthalmoscope.

An instrument has been invented and supplied, called the ophthalmoscope, which searches the eye thoroughly. Not the least among the wonders revealed by it "is the detection of diseases of other and distant organs by an examination of the internal parts of the eye. This has

become possible; and the appearances indicating degeneration of the kidney can be as positively distinguished from those denoting certain changes in the brain, or from the structural alterations caused by diseases originating in the eye itself, as any of the most evident external manifestations of disease—as, for instance, those of smallpox and scarlatina—can be discriminated from each other. The knowledge thus obtained will doubtless become more and more available in the explanation of phenomena which have hitherto been obscure, and aid in the successful treatment of disease."

Atmospheric Electricity.

The better safeguard against lightning is a good rod kept in complete repair, which should extend down to permanent moisture, and it would be more reliable if the portion under the ground were of copper instead of iron. Next to a rod, for the protection of a building, is a group of lofty trees; but where a building is protected by neither, it is highly prudent for the inmates to betake themselves during a severe thunder storm to the safest place in it. This will be found to be the centre of the largest room, close upon the windward side. The reason of this is, that when electricity enters a room, it usually follows the walls round, seeking for an exit, for which a window should be left open on the leeward side. Electricity always seeks to move in and with a current of air, hence it is always dangerous in a thunder storm to sit down or stand between two windows, or at the entrance of a door. Persons have been killed from not knowing or being regardless of this fact.

Again, the air in a chimney being rarified by the heat below, the electric fluid often enters the house in that direction. Hence persons should never seat themselves immediately before a fireplace during a storm. When the electric fluid does not enter the door or the chimney, it usually strikes on the corner of the roof, and passes along the rafters,

timber, or sides of the building until it enters the earth.

On this account it is unsafe to sit in a corner, or lean against the side of a room, as a shock might in consequence be sustained from which the nervous system could not recover. It is also considered dangerous to stand before a mirror, the quicksilver on which is a good conductor to lightning; indeed, the presence of all metallic substances should be avoided on the same principle. Another safe position is on a feather-bed, which is a bad conductor of electricity, but the bedstead in all cases should be removed from the wall, as a foot or an arm in contact

therewith might be the means of receiving a shock which would otherwise be avoided. It is also advisable that no part of the body should be in contact with the bedstead. As before stated, the centre of a large room is one of the safest places, but safety will be greatly enhanced by resting the feet on the rounds of a chair instead of on the floor, as in the event of the house being struck, the shock is thereby lessened. Experience has proved that a person with his feet resting on the floor has been killed, while at the same time a companion beside him with feet on a chair has escaped with impunity.
—*Journal of Chemistry*.

GOING ALOFT.

BY MRS. THOMAS E. OAKES.

One evening, a party of old shipmasters met at a social supper. After the cloth was removed, and the wine began to circulate freely, some of the older captains commenced spinning yarns about their own adventures at sea. Among the number was Captain Sutter, as fine a man and as good a sailor as ever trod a deck. It was observed that he drank nothing but water; and when it came his turn to entertain the company with a story, he began as follows: "Well, shipmates, to show you why I don't and can't drink with you, so that you won't take my refusal as a mark of coldness or disrespect, I will give you a chapter from the story of my early sailor life. It is a very important chapter, too; for on the incident I am about to relate, the whole of my subsequent manhood was built. I was very young when I first went to sea. When I was eighteen, I was shipped on board an East-Indiaman for a long voyage. There were six of us on board, of about the same age, and we had about the same duties to perform. The ship—the old *Lady Dunlop*—was a large one, and our crew was large in proportion, there being fifty-two, all told. Now, we boys had learned, in the course of our travels, to drink our grog as well as any

sailors. When we could get on shore, we would invariably indulge in our cups, and not unfrequently would we come off in a state anything but sober. I said 'we'; but there was one of our number who could not be induced to touch a drop of any thing intoxicating. His name was John Small. Now, Jack Small not only refrained entirely from drinking himself, but he used sometimes to ask us to let the stuff alone. He gave that job up, however; for we made such sport of him that he was glad to let us alone. But our captain had sharp eyes; and it was not long before he began to show Jack favors which he did not show to us. He would often take him on shore with him to spend the night, and such things as that, while we were kept on board the ship. That wasn't all. He learned faster than we did; he was a better sailor, and had learned more navigation. It got so at length that Jack was called upon to take the deck sometimes, when the officers were busy; and he used to work out the reckoning at noon as regularly as did the captain. Yet Jack was in our mess, and he was a perfect eyesore to us. We were envious of his good fortune, as we called it, and used to seize every opportunity to

tease him. But he never got angry in return. He sometimes would laugh at us, and at others he would so feelingly chide us that we would remain silent for a while. At length the idea entered our heads that Jack should drink with us. We talked the matter over in the mess, when Jack was absent, and we mutually pledged each other that we would make him drink at the first opportunity. After this determination was taken, we treated Jack more kindly, and he was happier than he had been for some time. We were on our homeward bound passage, by way of Brazil, and our ship stopped at Rio-Janeiro, where we were to remain a week or so. One pleasant morning, we six youngsters received permission to go on shore and spend the whole day; and accordingly we rigged up in our best togs and were carried to the landing. Now was our chance, and we put our heads together to see how it should be done. Jack's very first desire, as soon as he got on shore, was to go up and examine the various things of interest in the city. He wanted to visit the churches and such like places; and to please him, we agreed to go with him if he would go and take dinner with us. He agreed to do this at once, and we thought we had him sure. We planned that, after dinner was eaten, we would have some light, sweet wine brought in, and that we would contrive to get rum enough into what he drank to upset him; for nothing on earth would please us more than to get Jack drunk, and carry him on board in that condition. Then we fancied the captain's favoritism would be at an end, and he would no longer look upon our rival with more preference than upon ourselves. Dinner-time came at length. It was a capital dinner, and we came to it with sharpened appetites. But when the wine was brought in, Jack not only refused to taste it, but declined to remain in our company. We cried out against him as a mean, stingy fellow, who thought himself too good to associate with us, and ac-

cused him at last of trying to step over our heads on the ship, and all the unpleasant things we could think of to make the poor fellow unhappy. At first, he seemed to be inclined to leave us, and return to the ship alone; but suddenly in a quiet tone he said, 'Shipmates, listen to me a moment. Since matters have come to this pass, I have resolved to tell you something which I never meant to reveal. My story is short. From my earliest childhood I never knew what it was to have a happy home. My father was a drunkard! Once he had been a good man and a good husband; but rum ruined all his manhood, and made a brute of him. I can remember how cold and cheerless the winter used to be. We had no fire, no food, no clothes, no joy, no nothing—nothing but misery. Oh! how my mother prayed to God for her husband; and I, who could but prattle, learned to pray too. When I grew older, I had to go out and beg for bread. All cold and shivering, I waded through the deep snow with my clothes in tatters, and my freezing feet almost bare. And I saw other children of my own age dressed warm and comfortably, and I knew they were happy; for they laughed and sang as they bounded along toward school. Those boys had sober fathers. I knew that their fathers were no better than mine had been once; for my mother had told me how noble my father could be if rum were not in his way. Time passed on, and I was eight years old, and those eight had been years of such sorrow and suffering as I pray God I may never again experience. At length, one cold morning in the dead of winter, my father was not at home. He had not been at home through the night. My mother sent me to the tavern to see if I could find him. I had gone half the way, when I saw something in the snow by the side of the road. I stopped, and a shudder ran through me, for it looked like a human form. I went up to it, turned the head over, and brushed the snow from the face. It was my father, and he was stiff

and cold! I laid my hand upon his pale brow, and it was like solid marble. He was dead. I went to the tavern and told the people there what I had found, and the landlord sent two of his men to carry the frozen body of my father home. O shipmates! I can not tell you how my poor mother wept. She sank down upon her knees and clasped the icy corpse to her heart, as though she would have given it life were it within her power. She loved her husband through all his errors, and now her love was all-powerful. The two men went away, and left the dead body still on the floor. My mother whispered to me to come and kneel by her side. I did so. 'My child,' she said to me, and the big tears were yet rolling down her cheeks, 'you well know what has caused all this. This man was once as noble, and happy, and true as man can be; but oh! see how he has been stricken down. Promise me, my child, oh! promise here, before God, before your dead father, and before your broken-hearted mother, that you will never, never, never touch a single drop of the fatal poison that has wrought for us all this misery!' Shipmates, I did promise all my mother asked, and God knows that to this moment that promise has never been broken. My father was buried, and some good, kind neighbors helped us through the winter. When the next spring came, I could work, and I earned something for my mother. At length I found a chance to ship; and every time I go home I have some money for my mother. Not for the wealth of the whole world would I break that pledge I gave my mother and my God on that dark, cold morning. This is all shipmates. Let me go now, and you may enjoy yourselves alone; for I do not believe that you will again urge me to drink." As Jack thus spoke, he turned toward the door; one of us stopped him. 'Hold on, Jack,' said he, wiping his eyes. 'You sha'n't go alone. I have got a mother, and I love her as well as you love yours, and your mother shall not be hap-

pier than mine; for I solemnly promise that she shall never have a drunken son. I'll drink no more!' 'Give us your hand, old fellow!' exclaimed the rest of us in chorus, starting from our seats; and before many minutes, we all agreed to imitate Jack's noble resolution. We called for pen, ink, and paper, and made Jack draw up a pledge. He signed it first, and we followed him, and when the deed was done, I know we were far happier than we had been before for years. The wine upon the table was untouched. Toward evening we returned to the ship. There was a frown upon the captain's brow, as we came over the side, for he had never known us to come off from a day's liberty sober, but when we all came over the side, and reported ourselves to him, his countenance lighted up. He could hardly give credit to the evidence of his own senses. 'Boys,' said he, 'what does this mean?' 'Show him the paper,' whispered I. Jack had our pledge, and without speaking, he handed it to the captain. He took it and read it, and his face changed its expression several times. At length I saw a tear start to his eye. 'Boys,' said he, as he folded up the paper, 'let me keep this, and if you stick to your noble resolution, while I live, you shall never want a friend.' We let the captain keep the paper, and when he had put it in his pocket, he came and took us each in turn by the hand. He was much affected, and I knew that the circumstance made him happy. From that day our prospects brightened. Jack Small no more had our envy; for he took hold and taught us in navigation, and we were proud of him. On the next voyage we were all six rated as able seamen, and received full wages, and we left not that noble-hearted captain until we left to become officers on board other ships. Jack Small is now one of the best masters in the world and I believe that the rest of our party are still living, honored, and respected men. Three years ago we all met, the whole six of us, at dinner again, and

not one of us had broken that pledge which we made in the hotel at Rio Janeiro. We had all stuck to the

sea, and were then commanders of good ships. Thus ends our story."

—*National Temp. Advocate.*

THE BIBLE AND THE CLOSET.

BY REV. ABBOTT E. KITTREDGE.

The Bible is the Christian's chart; it is his only chart as he sails, day by day, upon the rolling waves of passing events, and midst the blackness and storm of temptation and sin. The lines on this chart are distinct and clear. Every hidden rock is there revealed, and he who studies its pages with an eager, loving heart, will ride victoriously over the darkest wave and anchor his soul, at last, in the harbor of eternal peace. Thousands and tens of thousands have been thus guided, and not one has failed to reach the harbor; for, with the Bible, shipwreck is impossible.

But to many professing Christians the Bible is a sealed volume. If you were to ask them, "Do you read your Bible?" they would reply:

"Why, certainly, I read it every day."

"Where are you reading now?"

"Anywhere, as the book opens when I take it up."

"How much time is occupied in this exercise?"

"Two or three minutes at morning and night."

"Do you learn anything from this brief perusal?"

"No, but I read my Bible!"

"Does it help you in daily life, to conform more closely to the principles of Christ?"

"No, I do not know that it does."

Now such automaton skimming over the sacred pages is a miserable farce, and in striking contrast to that earnest hungering contemplation of the Psalmist: "Oh! how love I thy law! It is my meditation all the day." Why, it matters not with these modern selfsufficient Christians, whether they read the dimensions of Solomon's temple, or the genealogy of the children of Israel, or the words of Jesus; they will glean as much from the one as from

the other, and that is, just nothing at all.

Now this Bible is a wondrous treasure-house of divine wealth. Every word is a diamond glistening in the love of Christ. Every verse is a promise, when read by the light of the cross, but only when it is opened by hungry, starving souls; opened in the silence of closet meditation; opened thoughtfully, eagerly, inquiringly in the atmosphere of prayer, when the rays of heavenly light shine direct and full upon its pages. And then, the deeper you dig down, the richer grows the mine; the more piercing the gaze, the more beautiful and glorious are its truths, and thus and thus only will it become a lamp to the feet and a light to the path. The bee does not gather honey by flying over the flowers, but by sucking in the sweetness silently from each opening bud.

We have said that the Bible is a chart to the voyager. You are the captain of a noble bark bound to a distant port. Long since, you left the anchorage, and now you are out upon the broad trackless sea, with no land in sight, and no deep worn ruts before you, to indicate the paths which other ships have taken. Above you are the black, heavy clouds, and on your ear comes shrieking the voice of the gathering tempest. The waves lift up that ship as if it were but a plaything in their arms of death, her timbers creak before the strain of the conflict, and yet she plunges on—on—somewhere! on—on—whither? You ask of those fury-lashed waves, *whither?* You ask of those dark, sullen clouds, *whither?* You ask of the storm, as it whistles through the rigging, *whither?* But they laugh at your calamity, they mock when your fear cometh. What can you do? Down in your cabin is the chart of the

ocean. You cannot read it plainly by the lightning's flash, but in that cabin, by the cabin's light you can trace its distinct and blessed lines, can know your latitude and longitude, notice the position of the hidden rocks as indicated on that sheet, and then when the chart has been mastered, you may stand on that reeling deck with the courage of a master, and the air of a conqueror. With the open, keen eye, with the steady hand on the helm, you may steer her safely over the mountain waves, and through the blackness of the tempest, into the peaceful quiet harbor. Your cabin and your chart were your salvation.

And the closet with its open Bible is the only safety of the Christian. Read hurriedly, carelessly, it were as well unopened. Nor is it enough to listen to its chapters around the family altar. The individual heart must be brought close to its illumined pages, its words must be calmly pondered, their relation to the daily life and per-

sonal experience earnestly noted, and the soul must be nourished by just that food, and girded by those truths and promises which the peculiar condition of that life requires.

Voyager on the ocean of life, captain of an immortal bark laden with priceless treasures, study the Bible, study it in the closet; let a certain time be carefully set apart for this essential and blessed duty. Do not be so particular to read a certain number of chapters, as to understand what you read, and to gather fruits from its luscious boughs of life. And then Jesus will direct you *what* to read. His divine finger will trace those grand letters for the tear-blinded eye, and you will go forth from the closet into the busy exciting world, with the fragrance of the promises perfuming the whole day, and the love of Christ will constrain you to know nothing save Jesus and Him crucified. *More, more of the Bible, studied on the knees, studied at Jesus' feet, bathed in penitent prayer.*

GOD'S CARE OF US.

BY. REV. H. W. BEECHER.

I suppose every reflective person has felt a painful contrast between the declarations in the word of God in respect to the feelings of God towards us, and the apparent indifference of divine providence to the exact happening of events. Many good men have had darkness on that very point. There is a bitter wail beginning early in the Old Testament, running through nearly all the prophets and in the New Testament, the "Why hast thou forsaken us?"—a complaint of the hiding of God's face.

Put alongside of that "the dwelling of God with men," "He will never forget them," "their names are graven on his hands," "his children are the apple of his eye," "He delights in them," "He dwells with the humble and contrite in heart." These declarations of God's word and the experience of his providence which does not always seem to coincide with them, bring trouble to

many. Our Saviour declares: "If ye then being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him." He does not simply declare that God is a father, but that it is fair to reason from the feelings of men to their children, up to the feelings of God to us. Sometimes when we say, God loves us in the same way in which we love our children, people reply, "You must remember you are men, and cannot reason from your infirmity of life, up to the perfection of God." Our Saviour recognized the difference and said, "If ye, with all your sinfulness, are good enough to have natural affection, how much more shall God exceed you in that direction." If even imperfect creatures, whose affections spring from selfish causes, who are selfish almost all the way through, can have disinterested love for others, how much more can He,

at the other end of the scale. He differs from us, in that when He is brought into personal sympathy with those in trouble, He is larger not only in the compass of his head but in the diameter of his heart. The richness of his soul makes Him the counterpart as well as the antithesis and type of man. I know it is not the divine economy for us to depend on God in such a manner as to lead to passivity and the non-development of our own forces. We must find all that is in ourselves first. It is over-indulgence on the part of the parent, that don't let the child know trouble, and how to meet it and overcome it. God will not deprive us of the good that comes through care and trouble. He puts it upon us to stir up all that is in us. It is true, in meeting trouble men not only get self-reliance, but self-conceit, an unwarrantable reliance; but when they can go no further in thinking, willing, acting, at their extremity stands the spirit of helpfulness in God.

When a child begins to walk, the delighted mother looks on the little creature, holds out her hands to it, then coaxes it away a little further and a little further, but stands not too far off, so that if it falls, she is there. So not too far off for us stands God. When we fall, He helps us up. Just beyond the point where our strength fails, is the divine power ready to help us. God says, I think of you to that degree, "the very hairs of your head are all numbered." Are you of no importance? The sparrow is not worth a penny, yet it does not fall to the ground without God's notice. In the full nest they crowd one out, one little bird drops to the ground, and the prowling cat devours it. So small a thing as that God recognizes and observes, and are not ye of more value than many sparrows?

Perhaps you ask, How is it so many evils befall us? I don't know as so many evils do befall you. The ill God blesses is good. It is true, those we would save from death, die, and we do not understand it. Yet, many things that we vehemently desire are not best for us. Not only the

good and the bright things, but all things work together for good to them that love God. The good with the bad, all together complete the circle. Already men say: After all it has been good for me that I was afflicted; it made me humbler. God chastens his children, when they need chastening most. The heart is a threshing-floor; the chaff and the straw must be got out of the way; the stroke is the instrument by which the wheat comes out and the chaff perishes. Our extremity is God's opportunity. When men are at their wits' end, God will interfere. God's help is not for the lame and the lazy, but when men have done the best they know how, then He comes to help. If we have no trouble, we gain no manhood: we are like unbaked clay. The potter takes it and makes a vase of the still wet clay; it is dried and burned stiff, and pictures are painted upon it; it is glazed, and put through these processes four, five, and six times, and then it is burnished by the hard steel of the workman until it becomes beautiful and glowing with the tints put upon it. So we have God's gracious hand upon us every hour, working out our adornment and perfection.—*Christian Banner.*

Forgiveness of Sins through Jesus' Blood.

How to obtain the pardon of a sin-censed God is a question which has pressed itself upon the consciences of men in every age. The poor heathen devotee crawling on his hands and knees to some idol temple is trying to solve the problem. The Mohammedan is engaged in the same work through his frequent fastings and long pilgrimages to Mecca, and the Roman Catholic when enduring penances or counting his beads. The philosopher has sought the answer among the works of creation, but in vain. These could tell of power, wisdom and goodness, but they had no voice respecting pardon of sin.

How shall man, the sinner, be just with God? is a question which has no answer except in his written re-

velation. But there it is fully set forth—there we are told of a Saviour provided, of the efficacy of his shed blood, and also of the fact that God is in this Saviour “reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them.” And to this last glorious fact we now ask attention.

I. God is willing to forgive sins through Jesus’ blood. Here is the proclamation of his Holy Spirit: “Be it known unto you, therefore, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by him all that believe are justified from all things.” Sinners often doubt God’s willingness to pardon, and cherish hard thoughts in their hearts against God, while yet “He is waiting to be gracious.” He has given us the Parable of the Prodigal Son to impress upon our hearts how willing He is to forgive. You remember how the prodigal, in his distress, thought of his father and his father’s house; and finally concluded he would venture to return and ask, not a son’s place,—he thought it was impossible to obtain that,—but a servant’s place. But when his father saw him coming, he ran to meet him, and before the son could finish his sentence asking a servant’s place, the father said: “Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet; and bring forth the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat and be merry; for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost and is found.” Yes, trembling, troubled, penitent sinner! this was written to tell you the kind of a reception you will receive from God. “Like as a father pitith his children, so the Lord pitith them that fear him.”

II. God desires to forgive through the Saviour. Wonderful declaration, and made sure by the oath of God: “As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but rather that they turn unto me and live.” A dear child once left her father’s house and began a life of shame in one of our large cities. She soon began to sigh for a father’s

house and a father’s love, but dared not write to tell of her sad condition. She thought her father would spurn her memory and despise her protestations of penitence. But after awhile a friend persuaded her to try, as that could not make her condition any worse than it was, and soon the father replied: “I have longed to know where my wanderer was, and yearned to hear that she was willing to return.” He much desired to take her trembling hand and say: My dear child, I forgive you all!” So it is with God. Hence his pleading with sinners to accept his forgiveness. He says: “Come, let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.” Yes! God is not only willing, but desires to pardon penitents for his Son’s sake.

The Reformed Sailor.

Observe that aged sailor, and the interesting little girl who is leading him by the hand. His furrowed, hard, weather-beaten countenance, denotes a long acquaintance with storms and hardships. Although gentle as a lamb, so that a child can control him, it is not long ago that he was a rough, swearing, drunken reprobate, so surly and morose as to be an object of dread. The astonishing change that has come over him is to be ascribed, instrumentally, to the lovely little girl who is leading him by the hand, and who is accompanying him to the house of God.

Little Jane, who is well-known to the writer, was returning from school one Sabbath, in the afternoon, with her heart much affected by the address of her teacher, and by the consideration of her ungodly father’s condition, when she was led to pray that God would enable her to speak to him on the subject.

On reaching home, to her great joy, she found him not only sober, but in a much kinder mood than usual. Going to him affectionately, and placing her hands upon his knees,

looking at him at the same time with an expression of countenance so full of love and kindness and pity as quite affected the old man's heart, she said, "Shall I tell you, father, what my teacher has been saying to me this afternoon?"

"What did she say?"

"She told me that there are many families in this town who live in houses without roofs."

"Houses without roofs? I know of none. What did she mean?"

"She said that houses in which there is no *family prayer* to God are without roofs, for they are open to all manner of evil; and what is still worse, she told us that the families that call not upon God's name will be at last cast into hell. This has made me very unhappy, because, as you know, father, we have not family prayer. I never heard you pray."

"Father, begin to pray; pray for me; pray now."

The heart of the old man, which had often shown itself to be fearless amidst the violence of the tempest and the rage of the battle, now quailed under the affecting appeal of his daughter. He was conscience-smitten.

It was the *turning point*. From that hour the father and daughter were often engaged in prayer together. Prayer cannot be offered up in vain. After a time, the old sailor found mercy at the hands of Him who came into the world to save sinners, even the chief. Father and daughter are now joined to the Lord in one spirit, and may be seen every Sabbath wending their way, hand in hand, to the house of God, while ever and anon the old man keeps looking down with delight upon his interesting daughter, whom he calls his little "angel of mercy."

An Honorable Tribute.

We are accorded the privilege of presenting to our readers the following letter, written by a well-known and valued correspondent, (once a sailor, and now a seamen's chaplain,) to his former shipmaster, whom he also regarded as his spiritual father. It is a touching tribute to Christian worth and fidelity, and equally creditable to the head and heart of the writer.

Such commanders as Capt. P. may expect their last days to be crowned with the blessings of those who "were ready to perish."—ED. MAG.

SAILOR'S SNUG HARBOR, {
June 7, 1871. }

CAPT. AUGUS. PROAL:

My Dear Friend and Brother: Wife and I celebrated yesterday, the twenty-first anniversary of our marriage, and in our retrospect of God's good providences towards us, your influence in effecting the great change in my life was not forgotten. It is thirty-one years this month—a whole generation—since you paid me off in the city of New York from the ship *Harkaway*, of which *you were the master, and I, a seaman before-the-mast*. You, a man of God, striving for the souls entrusted to your care, care, and *I*, a blaspheming, drunken sailor. But, mark the mercy of God. "The times are changed, and we are changed with them." You are now a retired shipmaster, and *I*, a preacher of the everlasting Gospel. How was this change brought about in my case? The first step in my Christian progress—the first link in the chain of Divine providences which resulted in making me what I am, by the grace of God, was your Christian zeal and love for my soul. I am well aware that you need no letters of commendation from me, and yet, as I look over the past, my memory brings prominently into the foreground of the picture, your well-directed efforts to secure the salva-

tion of my soul. I can never be sufficiently grateful to you for that effort, and, therefore, you will pardon me, if I say to you personally, over my own signature, what I have said publicly to thousands, viz.: that you were the instrument in the hands of God of first opening my eyes to my own sinful and lost condition. I can testify to your fervent Christian zeal, to your earnest desire to disseminate the Scriptures among the crew, to your untiring effort to lead men to *Christ*, and to your purely Catholic and unsectarian way of prosecuting your work.

I shipped with you in Liverpool in May, 1840. I had been then more than nine years in the forecastle, and you, the first man, who had ever addressed me personally on the subject of religion, invited me and my shipmates to the house of God; gave us the Word of God in our hands; expounded its sacred truths to us; and in prayer (and other) meetings, during the voyage, urged us to walk in its light.

I shall never forget your affectionate appeal to me at parting, the day you paid me off. It is in my memory, clear and bright, to-day, and has been all along through my college

and seminary course of eight years, and through the twenty-two years of my successful ministry. If I had been the only one saved through your efforts your crown would be bright indeed. But in the generation that has passed since then—a generation of active Christian labor on your part, how many may have been influenced for good by your example and instruction eternity alone will reveal. Many I know will rise up to call you blessed.

And now, my dear friend, accept this expression of my sincere respect, this acknowledgment of my indebtedness to you, under God, in a large measure, for the course I have steered since I sailed with you. In closing, I pray that your "bow may abide in strength, and that the arms of your hands may be made strong by the hands of the Mighty God of Jacob," and when life's rough voyage is over may we both bring up together in the haven of eternal peace.

Believe me, with kind regards to your family, very gratefully and very fraternally, yours in Christ,

CHAS. J. JONES,
Chaplain Sailor's Snug Harbor.

OUR WORK.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

Converted Seamen—Their Influence in Northern Europe.

A clergyman who has recently visited the countries of which he writes, gives the most gratifying testimony to the character and efficiency of the sailor missionaries laboring there. It is impossible to calculate the good done by this Society in that distant quarter, but it is safe to say that its

work among seamen has extended through them, more or less, to benefit the entire population. The following communication will be read with interest:

"A marvellous work of grace has been going on throughout these three Scandinavian kingdoms for a score or more of years. It began by converted seamen returning from Ameri-

ca. It has been carried forward to a great extent by the agency of converted seamen, and the sailor missionaries of the American Seamen's Friend Society have had no small share in this work. Their labors have been greatly blessed. Thousands have been converted from the errors of the State Church, which is hardly less corrupt and quite as intolerant as the Papal Church. A spirit of inquiry has been excited, and a desire for reform on the part of multitudes within the church which cannot be suppressed. Several hundreds of Baptists and Methodist Churches have been organized, and the way is fast preparing for more, notwithstanding the persecutions and disabilities under which these Christian converts labor. The State laws, especially in Denmark, where there is really less religious life and energy than in the other two kingdoms, have been slightly modified in favor of dissenters, but they are still very intolerant in their letter and spirit. In Sweden, even now, though the law will recognize a dissenting church, organized under certain conditions so rigorous and unjust that no Christian church can be organized under them, practically, all these Christians are outlawed. No one can carry on any business without a license, which can only be obtained by those in connection with the State Church. No one can be married excepting by a Lutheran priest, nor can any burial take place without his presence.

Public sentiment is much more tolerant than the law, and many offences are ignored, but instances of prosecution and fine or imprisonment are continually taking place. The consequence is, that when men are converted they turn their eyes

at once towards America. The tide of emigration, both from Norway and Sweden to America, is large—from the former country an average of 15,000, and from the latter of 10,000 to 12,000 emigrants have gone for the past half a dozen years. An unequal proportion of these are converts seeking for religious liberty. This keeps the infant churches here, many of which would otherwise be now large and flourishing, in a poor and feeble condition."

Our Workers in Northern Europe, and their Work.

The following sketch of the personal history of several of our missionaries, on this field may be of interest to our readers.

REV. P. E. RYDING, at Copenhagen in Denmark, was ordained to missionary work in Denmark, 23rd April 1848. In 1854 the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY appointed him to labor in their service. His labors have been mainly carried on at Copenhagen and at Bornholm, but he has sometimes worked in Sweden, at Carlserrona, Carlshaven, Christianstadt and along the whole coast from Carlshaven to Malmo. So also in many Danish towns, unnamed, he has put forth labor, visiting from 1,300 to 1,400 vessels yearly, reaching over 11,000 sailors.

REV. F. L. RYMKER, of Odense in Denmark, was converted to Christ during a voyage in the Mediterranean Sea, on board the ship *Brooklyn* of New York in 1845. On the 1st of July, same year, he lost his left leg below the knee, in Charleston, S. C., by an accident, on the ship *Windsor Castle* of Boston. In 1849, he left the United States

and went to Denmark as a licentiate, and was soon after appointed as a missionary in that country by the "Bethel Society" in Denmark. In 1859, that Society was dissolved, and he received an appointment from the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY and from the Am. Bap. Publication Society in Philadelphia, to labor as a missionary in Norway. During 1862, four or five churches with an aggregate of 100 members were organized, as the result of his work. He then left Norway and returned to Denmark, under the sole appointment of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. Since then, he has labored especially among seamen in Odense and vicinity. This port lies in the centre of Denmark, with a population of 18,000, and is the largest town in the kingdom, next to Copenhagen. The yearly arrivals in its harbor are about 800 vessels of 40,000 tuns total burden. In the district, of which Odense is the capital, there are three out of the six Danish seaports which have over one hundred vessels, and on the whole, Mr. Rymker regards the station at Odense as the best in that country, for Evangelistic effort on behalf of sailors. The kingdom of Denmark has in all, 2,983 ships of 169,054 tuns burden. In 1864, the Kingdom of Norway owned 6,093 ships, of 651,000 tuns burden, manned by 38,575 seamen, with many other thousands of fishermen, pilots and ship builders.

Once a week Mr. Rymker visits the vessels in the harbor, distributes tracts, and sells the Scriptures and other books to the men. He also holds such religious meetings as he can, and preaches the word of God. During his last year of labor, he has

traveled 200 miles, sold 379 Bibles, 428 Testaments and 99 other books, distributed 60,780 pages of tracts, preached 73 times and held 104 meetings for prayers, baptized one Christian believer, and made 1,114 visits, 306 on shipboard.

REV. N. P WAHLSTEDT'S field of labor, in Sweden, embraces six towns and six fishing places with the whole sea coast north from Engelholm to Hallandsas, extending upwards of 100 English miles. He is obliged to make many and long journeys to visit these separate places. His methods of labor include visitation of ships, conversation with sailors, tract distribution and preaching. In mission halls and private houses, all the people assemble for this last object, and often multitudes of hearers come to the meetings, walking distances of three to four English miles. He asks for Bibles, Testaments and tracts in the English, German, Danish, Dutch, and Swedish languages.

A. M. LJUNBERG, Sailor Missionary at Stockholm, Sweden, was first called in 1847 by Mr. Keyser, a merchant, since deceased, to take up religious work for sailors in that port. He has pursued this work, since then, without interruption, save in 1852-3, when he was too ill to do so. His work is the same as that of other missionaries already sketched. He reaches Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, English, French and German sailors. He sold many Bibles in the early years of his work, but since 1854-56, call for them has not been as great as before. He was eight years in the employ of the Lutheran Home Mis-

sionary Society. His testimony is that he has generally found the Bible respected by the men of the sea, and that some have received the word at his hands to the salvation of their souls. In the winter when the ports are closed, he goes into the country, where doors are opened to him for religious work, and here his labors have been greatly blessed.

Mr. Ljungberg reports for June July and August '71, that he made daily visits to vessels of several nations, with conversation and distribution of tracts. On the 16th June, on a Norwegian vessel, a man said to him, "I cannot get too much of the word of Life." He was received in several cases, with similar interest. Various and frequent interviews were held during this quarter with Christian sailors whom he found in his visits, and opportunities were embraced for the public preaching of Christ. The statistics of his labor for these three months are, visits to 136 Swedish, 34 Norwegian, 27 German, 7 Dutch, 5 English, 2 Danish, 2 American, and 4 French vessels, total 217. 2,431 Swedish tracts were distributed and 119 religious books, with 9 Testaments sold.

JOHN LINDELIUS, Sailor Missionary, in the two months of July and August at Gothland, Wisby and Buttle in Sweden, old as he is, visited 29 vessels, traveling in the service of the Society, 168 miles.

Florina, Malta.

R. STEPHENS, MISSIONARY.

Our missionary at this place, MR. STEPHENS, under date Sept. 3, writes as follows :

" Most gratefully do I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your parcel of tracts, &c., per favor of Capt. M. Kay.

Soon after it arrived I had the pleasure of distributing a goodly portion of its contents on board a large American frigate, and I am glad to say they were all thankfully received. I trust it may prove—"bread cast upon the waters to be seen after many days."

Vessels from every nation around the Mediterranean touch at this port, and I am enabled to distribute gospels and tracts in about twelve different languages.

My visits are, on the whole, well appreciated, but, of course, I often meet with opposition, especially if any Maltese are about, for they try to hinder me in my visits to Italians and others, whom they consider as belonging to *their* church. Still I have abundant reason to thank God and take courage.

Both upon the water and in the hospital the Lord has given me repeated proofs that my labors have not been in vain. Several have gone home to heaven trusting in the "blood that cleanseth from all sin."

One intelligent young man, a German, only twenty years of age, suffering from consumption, was taken into the hospital to die. He attended my meetings, held in the seamen's ward twice a week, as long as he was able, and the Lord blessed the Word to him. He found and sought the "pearl of great price." After he was confined to his bed I visited him almost daily, and many times has my soul been refreshed while sitting beside him. A few days before his death he had a desire to partake of the Lord's Supper, and I went for

the English clergyman, who administered it to him. When it was over he smiled, and was very happy. "Now," he said, "I should like to die." On my visiting him a short time before he died, he said, "Read to me the last words of Jesus on the cross." I opened my Bible and read from the sixteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel. Then, as well as his fainting health would allow him, he tried to talk about the golden streets of the New Jerusalem. I again opened my Bible and read the xxi. and xxii. chapters of the Revelation. I saw he was sinking fast, but did not think his end was so near as the event proved. He lived only two hours after I left him. I doubt not that his spirit is with the redeemed before the throne."

MR. STEPHENS subjoins a few extracts from his private journal:

"Going up the harbor to-day, I came to a Turkish and Italian brig, side by side. I jumped on board the Turk and offered some tracts, which were eagerly received. While I was talking to them I saw a sailor from the other vessel looking earnestly at me. I stepped across the deck and found he knew me. He said, "Did like it very much; it was very good." He seemed anxious to let me know that he appreciated the book. As I was leaving a Turk from the mainyard of the next brig called and asked me not to forget him. I handed him some tracts, for which he seemed thankful. I pulled away from the ships praying that the seed might take root in good ground.

"Visited this morning a steamer where I had held a meeting two Sunday evening's before. I said to one of the crew scraping the side,

"I suppose I must not talk much to you now?" He said, "Who said so?" I said, "perhaps I shall hinder your work." He said, with a smile, "we like you too well on board to say anything against your coming." I said, "How do the men get on since our meeting last Sunday night?" He said, "Well, there are two men in the forecastle you have done good to. Although I was in my bunk I heard all you said, and I intend to be a different man if spared to get home this time." I said, "Bless the Lord for that," and gave him a tract entitled, "This man receiveth sinners," which he carefully put in his cap. I also supplied the rest of the crew with magazines and tracts, and promised to see them when they were not so busy."

Wilmington, N. C.

Chaplain BURR was away from his post for two weeks, in September. He reports but few vessels in port, with but one seaman on the sick list, who in view of death, manifests a most Christian spirit of resignation to the will of God.

Savannah, Ga.

Chaplain WEBB visited 38 vessels in September, distributed 3,412 pages of tracts, 4 Bibles, 8 Testaments, 25 portions of Scripture, 75 Seamen's Friends, preached 15 sermons, made visits to the hospital, and called on 13 sick people at their homes.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Twenty-three services were held by Rev. P. G. COOK, our Chaplain, in September, at Wells St. Chapel, with an aggregate attendance at the preaching services and prayer-meet-

ings, of 875, and at Sabbath School, and Bible Classes, of 1,463.

The total number of persons reached during the month by services, visits and papers, was 10,838. The work here continues to be regarded by sailors and boatmen, as also by the business men and citizens of Buffalo, with increasing favor.

New York.

C. A. BORELLA, *Missionary.*

In presenting to you a brief report of my labors as your missionary, it is with gratitude to God that I speak of his loving kindness in the salvation of souls.

Since my last report five seamen have been hopefully converted at the Home; one Swede, two Russian Fins, two Germans. One of the latter was a Roman Catholic, the other, long known to the Superintendent as a very hard man. But grace which can subdue the stoutest heart, led this man's feet in the heavenly road, insomuch that he has become a wonder to all who formerly knew him. He went to sea a few days ago with a new heart, and with a new song in his mouth. The other four all gave evidence of a change of heart.

In my labors at the Home in Cherry Street and among the Boarding-houses and vessels in the harbor, I have at times met with great encouragement.

A number of letters have been received from different parts of the world expressing their gratitude for both the spiritual and temporal interest taken in Seamen in this port, and for the benefits received during their stay here.

A short time ago I received a letter from a lady in Suffolk, England, whose son came here in an English ship from China, was converted and joined the Church of the Sea and Land. She speaks of the wonderful change in her son, for whom she had been praying for many years. She expresses her gratitude to God for the interest manifested in Seamen in New York, and of the good done here, and wishes us every encouragement in the Master's work, knowing that our difficulties must be many and great. We have the assurance of her prayers.

The meetings of the Home are well attended. An unusual degree of spiritual interest has been shown within the last few months. Seamen, on going to sea, have been supplied with Bibles and Testaments in their own language, together with other religious reading matter.

Occasionally visits have been paid to the different Seamen's Hospitals, where I have conversed and prayed with the sick and the dying.

A portion of my time has also been given, in visiting destitute Seamen's families, in which through the kindness of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, I have aided many who were truly in need.

The Arctic Expedition—News from the Polaris.

A private letter received from a member of the Arctic Expedition under Capt. HALL in the *Polaris*, gives account of the movements of the expedition since last heard from through the officers of the *Congress*. The letter giving the particulars is dated Upernivik, Sept. 5, and was carried thence to Copenhagen by a Danish vessel, whence it was dispatched to its destination via the Hamburg steamer.

After leaving Disco, where he received his extra stores from the *Congress*, Capt. HALL sailed nearly due north until he arrived off the harbor of Proven. Capt. HALL there went ashore, and was well received by the Danish authorities. His principal abject was to obtain dogs, but he succeeded in securing only eighteen, about half of which were at the time unfit for service, but may, by care, be made valuable. After leaving Proven the *Polaris* sailed for Upernavik, where she arrived on the 30th of August. His object was to secure the services of some Esquimaux hunters and dog-drivers, but in that he was unsuccessful. He, however, obtained some dogs and furs, which will prove of great value while in winter quarters. Capt. HALL sailed from Upernavik on the 5th of September, going north. Of course, since then he has not been heard from, and will not be, probably, until Winter, when he may send down from Winter quarters to Disco for supplies. All parties on board are reported well and confident of success.

Rev. Harmon Loomis, D. D.

HIS RETIREMENT FROM THE SECRETARSHIP.

The retirement of Dr. LOOMIS (on the first of October) as one of the Corresponding Secretaries of this Society has already been announced in the religious weeklies.

DR. LOOMIS came to be identified with work for seamen in the year 1837, when he was commissioned as the Seamen's Chaplain at New Orleans, successfully laboring there until re-called to present the cause to the churches in this city and vicinity, a service for which he was remarkably qualified.

In the year 1844 he was appointed Associate Secretary, and in May, 1846, was elected one of the Corresponding Secretaries of the Society,

filling that office upon an annual re-election until the present time.

DR. LOOMIS has of late frequently expressed the purpose to give up the responsibility and labors of the position he has so long held, and find the coveted rest, to which, after more than twenty-five years, he is most richly entitled.

The present commanding position of the Seamen's cause is largely due to the ability with which he has advocated it in the pulpits of the land; and by his wide and voluminous correspondence with the Society's chaplains and missionaries, he has come to be known all over the world as representing the sentiment of the American church on this particular subject.

It will be gratifying to his many friends to know that DR. LOOMIS retires on a competency, and that he will continue his interest in the Society, of which he remains a trustee, and the chairman of one of its most important committees.

Synodical Endorsement.

The following action was had at the late meeting of THE SYNOD OF NEW YORK:

"The Synod recognizes the claims of the seamen of the world on the efforts of the wise and good to promote their temporal and spiritual welfare. It rejoices in the good accomplished by all the agencies employed in the work: that through the ministrations of the Gospel at home and abroad, the means of protection on shore, the 3,713 libraries containing at least 180,000 volumes, circulated among them by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY during the last thirteen years, and other appropriate means, so many seamen

have been brought to a knowledge and exemplification of the truth.

And the SYNOD renews its commendation of this Association to the sympathy and co-operation of the churches."

The Synods now composing the SYNOD OF NEW JERSEY, have each previously given their cordial endorsement to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, earnestly commanding it to the churches. Secretary HALL was heard before this Synod at its late session in Bloomfield, N. J.

Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry St.

MR. ALEXANDER reports one hundred and thirty two arrivals for the month of September. These deposited with him \$1,275, of which \$130 were placed in the Savings' Bank and \$554 sent to relatives and friends. In the same time fifteen men went to sea from the HOME without advance, and two were sent to the hospital.

Daily family worship and the Saturday evening prayer-meetings have been well attended, and much interest manifested. A number of boarders have gone to sea expressing their hope in the Saviour.

Position of the Principal Planets for November, 1871.

MERCURY is in superior conjunction with the sun on the morning of the 2nd at 6h. 30m.; is in conjunction with the moon on the evening of the 12th, at 9h. 39m. being 3° 18' South.

VENUS is a morning star during this month; being at its greatest brilliancy on the 1st.; is in conjunction with the moon on the morning of the 9th at 2h. 26m. being 5° 50' South.

MARS is an evening star; is in conjunction with Saturn on the fore-

noon of the 16th, at 8h. 50m., being 1° 46' South; is in conjunction with the moon on the afternoon of the 15th, at 2h. 59m. At this time, to those located between the parallels of latitudes 16° North and 40° South, the planet will be obscured.

JUPITER is a morning star, crossing the meridian on the 15th at about 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ h.; is in conjunction with the moon on the morning of the 4th, at 4h. 48m. being 2° 56' South; is stationary among the stars on the evening of the 16th, at 10h. 10 m.

SATURN is an evening star; is in conjunction with the moon on the afternoon of the 15th, at 3h. 47m., being 1° 49' North.

N. Y. University.

R. H. B.

Total Disasters in September.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the past month, is 39, of which 25 were wrecked, 2 abandoned, 3 burnt, 4 foundered, and 5 are missing. They are classed as follows, viz: 1 steamer, 7 ships, 5 barks, 9 brigs, and 17 schooners, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$1,855,000.

Below is the list, giving names, ports whence hailing, destinations, &c. Those indicated by a *w* were wrecked, a abandoned, b burned, sc sunk by collision, f foundered, and m missing.

STEAMERS.

Lafayette, b, from New York for Havre,

SHIPS.

Cingala, w, from Hong Kong for New York.
St. Lawrence, w, from Bremen for New Orleans.

Annie Sise, w, from Sydney, N. S. W. for San Francisco.

Arcadia, b, from Leith for San Francisco.

Italia, w, from Rio Janeiro for Callao.

Mary, f, from Baker's Island for Europe.

Calliope, m, from Calcutta for New York.

BARKS.

Alerte, a, from Wilmington for Stettin.

Sitka, w, from New Orleans for Havre.

Melbourne, a, from Cardenas for New York.

Sunshine, m, from Middlesboro for New York.

Monte Sinai, b, from Genoa for New York.

BRIGS.

Nuevitas, w, from Baltimore for Boston.

C. V. Williams, w.

Caroline, w, (at Arecibo, P. R.)

Nellie Mowe, w.

Warrior, w, (at St Kitts.)

Edward Everett, w, (at Turks Island.)

Julia F. Carney, w, (at St Martins.)

Adar, w, from New York for Venice.

Advance, w, (on Pacific Coast.)

SCHOONERS.

Frank Barker, w, from Rockland for Saco, Me.

Anna Gardner, m, for Philadelphia.

A. R. Wetmore, w, from New York for St. Mary's, Ga.

D. C. Hulse, w, (at Arecibo, P. R.)

Rebecca C. Lane, w, (at St. Kits.)

Oneida, *w*, from Boston for Philadelphia.
 Greyhound, *w*, (Fisherman.)
 G. G. King, *w*, (on Florida Coast.)
 Augusta, *w*, (on Florida Coast.)
 Sarah, *w*, from Philadelphia for Portsmouth.
 Sachem, *f*, (Fisherman.)
 L. Phleger, *f*, from Philadelphia.
 Corine, *w*, from Key West for Nassau.
 Samuel F. Hartley, *f*, from Pictou for Galveston.
 Mary A. Read, *w*, (at Kamschatka.)
 Montrose, *m*, (Fisherman.)
 Emporia, *m*, (Fisherman.)

Receipts for September, 1871,

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Campton—add'l, being in full to const.	
C. R. Bartlett, L. M.	\$2 25
Lancaster.	10 00

VERMONT.

Charlotte, which with previous donation const. Rev. John Wilder, L. M.	28 75
Middlebury, Cong. church to const. Rev. E. B. Hooker, L. M.	30 00
Milton, Union Meeting, Cong. church.	28 59
Union Meeting, North Milton, to const. Rev. J. D. Beeman, L. M.	6 25
St. Johnsbury, North Cong. ch. to const. Rev. C. M. Southgate, L. M.	72 00
Waitefield, Cong. ch. add'l for lib'y.	4 68

MASSACHUSETTS.

Barre, Cong. Society.	11 89
Boston, Capt. English, schr. R. Peterson,	2 00
" Clark, " Bonita,	2 00
" Post, bark C. Clark	2 00
" Chisholm	2 00
Cambridgeport, Prospect St. church.	57 96
Coleraine.	7 00
Dixbury.	12 47
East Salisbury, M. E. church.	6 70
Greenfield, 1st Cong. Society.	7 00
Groton, Union Society.	65 03
Medford, S. Kidder, for lib'y.	15 00
North Bridgewater, First church.	44 70
Provincetown Cong. Society.	11 40
Sherborne, Cong. Society.	30 10
South Abington Cong. Society.	15 00
South Deerfield, S. S.	32 33
Townsend, Rev. G. H. Mors.	2 00
Wellesley, Mr. P. Dana	2 00
West Chelmsford, Joseph White	4 00
Whateley, Cong. Society.	7 72
Winchendon, North church.	34 00
Hattie Wyman, L. M.	2 00

RHODE ISLAND.

Central Falls, R. I. Cushman, \$15 for lib'y	65 65
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CONNECTICUT.

Bridgeport, North Cong. ch. and Socy.	83 20
Estate Dea. Geo. Sterling.	581 25
Bristol Cong. church.	41 00
Broad Brook Cong. church.	11 15
Canton Centre, Cong. church, to const. Oliver H. Bidwell, L. M.	30 00
East Windsor, 1st Cong. church.	10 00
Glastenbury, 1st Cong. ch., Eagleville Society.	19 00
Greenwich, Dea. J. H. Knapp.	15 00
Jonas Mead.	5 00
Madison, 1st Cong. church.	11 76
New Hartford, Cong. church.	25 10
New Haven, Church of Redeemer.	73 58
New London, Robert Coit.	50 00
North Greenwich, Cong. church, to const. I. W. Knapp, L. M.	30 00
North Mansfield.	14 53
Salisbury, Cong. church.	60 10
West Winsted, Cong. church.	87 83
M. E. church.	4 47

NEW YORK.

Bridgehampton, Pres. church.	7 00
Brockport, Baptist ch. add'l for lib'y.	5 00
Brooklyn, Ref. church, on heights, add'l	15 00
Camillus, Baptist church.	6 44
M. E. church.	3 00
Castile, M. E. church.	9 78
Baptist church.	5 25
Chris. church.	2 00
Catskill, Ref. church.	37 09
Pres. church.	61 48
Charlottesville, Baptist church.	5 00
Cherry Valley, Pres. church.	14 00
Chili, Pres. church.	5 50
Cooperstown, Pres. church, of which Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Smith, for lib'y \$20, and with previous donation to const. Rev. G. R. Alden, L.D.	107 30
Pres. church S. S. for lib'y.	20 00
Whig Corner's Mission, for lib'y.	20 00
Gates, Pres. church.	8 65
Holley, S. S. Pres. church, for lib'y.	20 00
Bap. church.	3 70
Kiskatom, Ref. church.	17 43
Lakeville, W. D. Bailey, for lib'y in part	5 00
Lockport, Cong. church.	10 00
New York City, Capt. A. G. Throop, bark A. Young.	5 00
Capt. Newell, bark A. Throop.	2 00
Madison Square Pres. church.	227 24
P. W. Engs.	5 00
Spofford Bros.	50 00
Cash.	10 00
Benj. K. Phelps.	25 00
F. S. Tallmadge.	20 00
G. G. Williams.	5 00
Mrs. F. P. Schools.	20 00
E. V. Haughwout.	5 00
E. S. Jaffray.	100 00
Cash.	5 00
Samuel Wilde, Jr.	30 00
Capt. A. G. Higgins.	5 00
Fred. Alexander.	100 00
H. T. Morgan.	50 00
Panama, Pres. church.	3 00
Phenix Cong. church, add'l for lib'y.	10 00
Mr. Williams.	1 00
Canal Boat, little girl.	10
Prattsburgh, Mr. Bloomer.	50
Randolph, S. S. Cong. church, for lib'y.	20 00
Richfield Springs, Pres. church, to const. Rev. F. H. Seeley, L. M.	30 00
S. S. Pres. church, for lib'y.	20 00
Ripley, Pres. church.	16 50
Rutland, W. Parkinson.	5 00
Thornhill, Baptist church.	4 00
Utica, S. S. Baptist Tab., for lib'y.	20 00
S. S. Bleeker St. Bap. ch., for lib'y.	40 00
Vernon, M. E. church.	5 60
Baptist church.	5 00
W. Webster, M. E. church, add'l.	1 50
Wrightsboro', M. E. Church.	2 61
NEW JERSEY.	
Bloomfield, 1st Pres. church of which A. T. Morris, \$100.	212 93
Morristown, South St. Pres. church, W. L. King, Esq.	50 00
Newark, 1st Ref. church.	88 67
North Ref. church, of which Rev. W. H. Steele, R. F. Ballantine and P. S. Duryee, each \$20.	93 00
South Park Pres. church.	69 53
Rahway, 2d Pres. church, of which Misses P. C. and W. M. Edgar, for lib'y, \$20; do. Jno. Woodruff, \$20.	72 00
DELAWARE.	
Wilmington, Mrs. S. F. Dupont.	30 00
OHIO.	
Creswell, James Butcher.	1 00
	\$3,632 24



November, Published by the American Seamen's Friend Society, 80 Wall St., N.Y. 1871.

"KEEP THE GATE SHUT."

An English farmer was one day at work in his fields, when he saw a party of huntsmen riding about his farm. He had one field that he was specially anxious they should not ride over, as the crop was in a condition to be badly injured by the tramp of horses. So he despatched one of his workmen to this field, telling him to shut the gate, and then keep watch over it, and on no account to suffer it to be opened. The boy went as he was bidden; but was scarcely at his post, before the huntsmen came up, peremptorily ordering the gate to be opened. This the boy declined to do, stating the orders he had received, and his determination not to disobey them. Threats and bribes were offered, alike in vain, one after another came forward as spokesman, but all with the same result, the boy remained immovable in his determination not to open the gate. After a while, one of noble presence advanced, and said, in commanding tones: "My boy, you do not know me. I am the Duke of Wellington, one not accustomed to be disobeyed; and I command you to open that gate, that I and my friends may pass through." The boy lifted his cap, and stood uncovered before the man whom all England delighted to honor, then answered firmly: "I am sure the

Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut, nor suffer any one to pass but with my master's express permission."

Greatly pleased, the sturdy old warrior lifted his own hat, and said: "I honor the man, or boy, who can be neither bribed nor frightened into doing wrong. With an army of such soldiers I could conquer not only the French, but the world." And handing the boy a glittering sovereign, the old duke put spur to his horse and galloped away, while the boy ran off to his work, shouting at the top of his voice: "Hurrah, hurrah! I've done what Napoleon couldn't do—I've kept out the Duke of Wellington.

Every boy is a gate-keeper, and his Master's command is "Be thou faithful unto death." Are you tempted to drink, to smoke or chew tobacco? Keep the gate of your mouth fast closed, and allow no evil company to enter. When evil companions would counsel you to break the Sabbath, to lie, to deal falsely, to disobey your parents, keep the gate of your ears fast shut against such enticements; and when the bold blasphemer would instil doubts of the great truths of revelation, then keep the door of your heart locked and barred against his infa-

mous suggestions, remembering that it is only the fool who " hath said in his heart, there is no God."

Library Reports.

During the month of September, forty eight libraries were sent to sea from the Society's rooms, 80 Wall St., seventeen new, and thirty one refitted. The following have reported :

No. 251.—" Books read :" gone to Europe, on Brig *Wanderer*.

No. 625.—" Read with interest ; " gone to Jacksonville, on Schr. *Spartel*.

No. 896.—Returned refitted and reshipped for Para, on Schr. *E. Hodson*.

No. 1655.—" Much read ; " gone to Porto Rico, on Schr. *Dauntless*.

No. 1718.—Has been a number of voyages ; much read ; gone South, on Schr. *J. F. Wiley*.

No. 1857.—Capt. says : " the books were the means of much good to all ; " gone to Corpus Christi, on Schr. *T. Winans*.

No. 1910.—Returned refitted and gone to Buenos Ayres, on Brig *Signal*.

No. 1931.—" Books read and appreciated ; " gone to Demarara, on Brig *J. Howland*.

No. 2002.—" Read with interest ; " gone to Brazil, on Brig *Sea Bird*.

No. 2567.—Has been to various ports ; gone to Indianola, on Schr. *G. B. West*.

No. 2767.—" Books read with interest ; " gone to sea, on Schr. *J. E. Willets*.

No. 2775.—" Books all read and appreciated ; " gone to Wilmington, on Schr. *B. Hart*.

No. 2782.—" Read with profit ; " gone to Brazos, on Schr. *M. E. Woodhull*.

No. 2796.—Returned, read with much interest. Gone to sea, on Brig *Rescue*, Capt. Marshall, 8 men, for Coast of Africa.

No. 2802.—" Read with good results ; " gone to St Domingo, on Brig *Z. Williams*.

No. 2857.—Has been read and appreciated ; gone to Para, on Schr. *Hortensia*.

No. 2962.—" Books were a source of pleasure and profit ; " gone to New Orleans, on Bark *M. McKee*.

No. 2985.—Has been to San Francisco, refitted and gone to Porto Rico, on Brig *S. Crevell*.

No. 3031.—" Read with interest ; " gone to Europe, on Bark *A. Troop*.
No. 3041.—Returned and gone to Antwerp, on Ship *Julia*.

No. 3097.—" Books read with interest ; " gone to Buenos Ayres, on Schr. *A. Lewis*.

No. 3314.—" Done much good ; " gone to Norway, on Bark *Stabbertard*.

No. 3333.—" Read with profit ; " gone to Europe, on Brig *Flora*.

No. 3465.—" Books were useful ; " gone to Galveston, on Bark *Volant*.

No. 3545.—Read by different crews ; gone to Cyane, on Brig *Venture*.

No. 3553.—Has been a voyage to the Pacific ; " books read with good results to officers and crew ; " gone to London, on Bark *Sarnia*.

No. 3613.—" All read with profit ; " gone to Europe on Ship *Alpha*.

No. 3639.—" Read with interest ; " gone to Europe, on Bark *Normandy*.

No. 3815.—" Done good ; " gone to Galveston, on Bark *Galveston*.

No. 3497.—" Has been very interesting. Books much read. We have had religious services regularly every evening, and on the Sabbath."

E. M.

No. 3024.—Returned in good condition. All have signed the pledge. All knocked off swearing. Two prayer meetings every Sabbath, and one every evening. Gone to Ireland, on Bark *Estella*, 12 men.

S. R.

No. 3421.—Returned with many thanks. Books have been read by several crews with much interest, and have been taken good care of.

B. G. B.

No. 2708.—Returned much read and very useful. Refitted and sent to sea, on Bark *Clotilda*, 10 men, for West Indies.

No. 3627.—Returned in good condition, and sent to Sailors' Reading Room in New Orleans.

No. 3273.—Returned much used. Gone to sea, on Bark *Amy*, Capt. Coffing, for Africa, 16 men.

No. 2829.—Returned. Books have done much good. Gone to Nova Scotia, on Schr. *Bonita*.

No. 3485.—Is doing its intended work. "I have sent ashore a number of tracts, and the Governor of the Island (Soble) sends thanks. My crew are very thankful for the books. I have never been with a more temperate set of men since I went to sea. An oath is very seldom heard, and there is not a drinking man on board." E. S. P.

No. 2741.—Has returned from its four voyages. Has been to France and Spain during last voyage. Books have been much read and have been a great benefit to the Ships' Company for moral improvement. Three have signed the pledge. One boy who has read much, I think, has become a Christian. He was one that signed the pledge. I have heard no foolish or corrupt conversation. Gone on Bark *A. C. Small*, 10 men, for West Indies.

No. 3728.—Sept. 15th, 1871. This library has been very interesting to myself and crew. It was highly gratifying to me to see the eagerness of my men to get and read the books. How often I have gazed on their honest faces as they sat reading the beautiful books contained in your Library. Your Society is doing a great and glorious work, and I can say with all my heart, God speed you, my friends, till every sailor shall become a missionary for Jesus. Many thanks to the little ones who have given so many of their promises to provide for the spiritual wants of the men of the sea, and now dear friends of the sailors, I bid you adieu till we meet again. May God bless your efforts for the salvation of the sailor."

JOHN CHISHOLM.
Master of Brig *Mary I. R. Blanc*.

What a Boy Can Do.

About two hundred and sixty years ago, a poor lad, of seventeen, was seen traveling on foot in the south of England. He carried over his shoulder, at the end of a stick, all the clothing he had in the world, and had in his pocket an old leather purse, with a few pieces of money given him by his mother, when, with a throbbing, prayerful heart, she took her leave of him on the road a short distance from their own cottage.

And who was John? for that was his name. He was the son of a poor but honest and pious people, and had six brothers and five sisters, all of whom had to labor hard for a living. He was a godly lad, and at fourteen was disappointed in getting a place as parish clerk, and with his parents' consent, set out to get employment.

At the city of Exeter, where he first went, he met with no success; but as he looked on the beautiful cathedral, and in the bookseller's windows, a strong desire sprung up in his mind to become a scholar, and at once he set out for the university at Oxford, some two hundred miles off, walking the whole way. At night he sometimes slept in barns, or on the sheltered side of a haystack, and often met with strange companions. He lived chiefly on bread and water, with occasionally a draught of milk as a luxury.

Arrived in the splendid city of Oxford, his clothing nearly worn out, and very dusty, his feet sore, and his spirits depressed, and he knew not what to do. He had heard of Exeter College in Oxford, and thither he went, and to his great delight, was engaged to carry coal into the kitchen, to clean pans and kettles, and that kind of work.

Here, while scouring his pans, he might be often seen reading a book. His studious habits soon attracted the attention of the authorities who admitted him into the college as a poor scholar, providing for all his wants. He studied hard, and was soon at the head of his class. He

rose to great eminence as a scholar, was very useful as a minister of Christ, and many years before his death, which took place when he was seventy-two, he visited his father and mother, who were delighted to see their son not only a "great scholar," but a pious bishop.

Such was the history of Dr. John Prideaux, who used to say, "If I had been parish clerk of Ugborough, I should never have been bishop of Worcester." He left many voluminous works as fruits of his industry and learning.—*Young Pilgrim.*

Ever to the Right.

Ever to the right, boys,
Ever to the right!
Give a ready hand and true
To the work you have to do—
Ever to the right.

Ever to the right, boys,
Ever to the right!
Never let your teachers say,
Why my wishes disobey?
Ever to the right.

Ever to the right, boys,
Ever to the right!
To every study well attend,
To every schoolmate be a friend—
Ever to the right.

Ever to the right, boys,
Ever to the right!
No known duty try to shun;
Be faithful, frank, to every one—
Ever to the right.

Ever to the right, boys,
Ever to the right!
Speak the truth, the right pursue;
Be honest in all you say and do—
Ever to the right.

Ever to the right, boys,
Ever to the right!
Time is gold: do what you can
To make your mark and be a man—
Ever to the right.

The Joy of the Angels.

Suppose one of your little brothers should fall into the river, and there sink down under the deep waters, and before he could be got out he should grow cold and pale, and seem to be dead. Your father takes the little boy in his arms, and carries him home, and then they wrap him up in warm flannels and lay him on the bed. The doctor comes, and goes into the room with your father and mother, to see if it is possible to save the little boy's life. The doctor says that nobody may go into the room but the parents. They go in, and

shut the door; in a few minutes the question is to be decided whether or no the child can live. Oh! then how would you go to the door, and walk round with a step, soft as velvet, and hearken to know whether the dear boy lives. And after you have listened for some time, treading softly and speaking in whispers, and breathing short, the door opens, and your mother comes out, and there are tears in her eyes. "Is he dead?" says one in a faint, sinking whisper; "is he dead?" Oh! no—no; your little brother lives, and will be well again." Oh! what a thrill of joy do you all feel! What leaping up in gladness! Now there is such a joy in heaven over one sinner that repented. The sinner has been sick; but the gospel has been received as the remedy, and he is to live forever. Do you wonder that the angels rejoice at it?

A Whole Crown.

One Sunday morning as a London tract distributor was going to his district, with the bundle of tracts under his arm, he had to pass a cab-stand. One of the cabmen, thinking to have a little amusement at the tract distributor's expense, called out to a comrade:

"I say, Bill, it's half-a-crown a day they get for that job," pointing to the bundle of tracts, "*half-a-crown a day, Bill!*"

A loud laugh followed the exclamation.

The tract distributor very calmly went up to the men, who were clustered together, and kindly said:

"I find, my friends, you are not quite rightly informed on this subject. We do not get *half-a-crown* a day for this work, but, when as hirelings we have finished our day's work, our Master has promised, if we are faithful, that he'll give us a *whole CROWN.*"

American Seamen's Friend Society.

S. H. HALL, D. D., Cor. Sec.

MR. L. P. HUBBARD, Financial Agent.

80 WALL STREET NEW YORK.

OFFICES } 13 Cornhill, Boston, Rev. S. W. HANKS.
AND New Haven, Ct., Rev. H. BEENE.

ADDRESS. } Buffalo, N. Y., Rev. ALBERT BIGELOW.

LIFE MEMBERS AND DIRECTORS.

A payment of Five Dollars makes an Annual Member, and Thirty Dollars at one time constitutes a Life Member; One Hundred Dollars, or a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, a Life Director.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society.

Three witnesses should state that the testator declared this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed it at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other.

SHIPS' LIBRARIES.

Loan Libraries for ships are furnished at the offices, 80 Wall-st., New York and 13 Cornhill, Boston, at the shortest notice. Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at the office, or at the Depository of the New York Bible Society, 7 Beekman-street.

SAVINGS BANK FOR SEAMEN.

All respectable Savings Banks are open to deposits from Seamen, which will be kept safely, and secure regular instalments of interest. Seamen's Savings Banks as such are established in New York, 78 Wall-street, and Boston, Tremont-street, open daily between 10 and 3 o'clock.

SAILORS' HOMES.

LOCATION.	ESTABLISHED BY	KEEPERS.
NEW YORK, 190 Cherry street.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y....	Fred'k Alexander.
" 153 Thompson street, (colored) .	" " "	W. P. Powell.
BOSTON, 99 Purchase street.....	Boston " " "	Capt. P. G. Atwood.
PHILADELPHIA, 422 South Front street.....	Penn. " " "	Capt. J. T. Robinson.
WILMINGTON, cor. Front and Dock streets.....	Wilm. Sea. Friend Soc'y....	Capt. W. J. Penton.
CHARLESTON, S. C.....	Charleston Port Soc'y.....	Capt. Jno. McCormick.
MOBILE, Ala.....	Ladies' Sea. Friend Soc'y....	Henry Parsons.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " "	
HONOLULU, S. I.....	" " "	Mrs. Crabbe.

INDEPENDENT SOCIETIES AND PRIVATE SAILOR BOARDING HOUSES.

NEW YORK, 338 Pearl street.....	Epis. Miss. Soc'y for Seamen. Charles Blake.
" 334 & 336 Pearl street.....	Private.....
" 4 Catharine Lane, (colored)	G. F. Thompson.
" 45 Oliver street.....	Christ. Bowman.
" 66 Oliver Street.....	Charles G. Auffarth.
BOSTON, North Square, "Mariners' House"	Boston Seamen's Aid Soc'y. N. Hamilton.
NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court.....	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S.....
BALTIMORE, 65 Thames street.....	Seamen's Union Bethel Soc'y. Edward Kirby.

MARINERS' CHURCHES.

LOCATION.	SUSTAINED BY	MINISTERS.
NEW YORK, Catharine, cor. Madison st.....	New York Port Soc'y	Rev. E. D. Murphy.
" cor. Water and Dover sts.....	Mission "	" " —
" 27 Greenwich street	" "	B. F. Millard.
" foot of Pike street, E. R.....	Episcopal Miss. Soc'y	R. W. Lewis.
" foot of Hubert street, N. R.....	" "	H. F. Roberts.
" Open air Service, Coenties Slip..	" "	Robt. J. Walker.
" Swedish & English, pier 11, N.R.	Methodist	O. G. Hedstrom.
" Oliver, cor. Henry st.....	Baptist.....	J. L. Hodge, D. D.
" cor. Henry and Market sts.....	Sea and Land, Presbyterian..	E. Hopper, D. D.
BROOKLYN, 8 President street.....	Am. Sea. Friend Soc'y	E. O. Bates.
BUFFALO.....		O. Helland.
ALBANY, Montgomery street.....	Methodist	P. G. Cooke.
BOSTON, cor. Salem & N. Bennet streets.....	Boston Sea. Friend Soc'y	John Miles.
" North Square.....	Boston Port Soc'y	S. H. Hayes.
" cor. Commercial & Lewis sts.....	Baptist Bethel Soc'y	Geo. S. Noyes.
" Richmond street.....	Episcopal.....	H. A. Cooke.
PORTLAND, Me. Fore st near new Custom House	Portland Sea. Friend Soc'y	J. P. Robinson.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., 52 Wickenden street...	Providence Sea. Friend Soc'y	F. Southworth.
NEW BEDFORD.....	New Bedford Port Soc'y	C. M. Winchester.
PHILADELPHIA, corner of Front & Union.....	Presbyterian.....	J. D. Butler.
" cor. Shippen & Penn sts.....	Methodist	D. H. Emerson, D. D.
" Catharine street	Episcopal.....	G. W. McLaughlin.
" Church st. above Navy Yard.	Baptist.....	W. B. Erben.
BALTIMORE, cor. Alice and Anna st	Seamen's Un. Bethel Soc'y	" Joseph Perry.
" cor. Light and Lee sts.....	Baltimore, S. B.....	Francis McCartney
NORFOLK.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y	R. R. Murphy.
CHARLESTON, Church, near Water street.....	" "	E. N. Orane.
SAVANNAH.....	" "	Wm. B. Yates.
MOBILE, Church street, near Water.....	" "	Richard Webb.
NEW ORLEANS.....	" "	L. H. Pease.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

80 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

Organized, May, 1828.—Incorporated, April, 1833.

WILLIAM A. BOOTH, Esq., *President.* CAPT. NATH'L BRIGGS, *Vice President.*
REV. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec'y and Treas.*
L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*

OBJECTS. 1.—To improve the social, moral and religious condition of seamen; to protect them from imposition and fraud; to prevent them from becoming a curse to each other and the world; to rescue them from sin and its consequences, and to **SAVE THEIR SOULS.** 2.—To sanctify commerce, an interest and a power in the earth, second only to religion itself, and make it everywhere serve as the handmaid of Christianity.

MEANS OF ACCOMPLISHMENT. 1.—The Preaching of the Gospel by Missionaries and Chaplains, and the maintenance of Bethel Churches in the principal ports of this and foreign countries. In addition to its Chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has stations in CHINA, JAPAN the SANDWICH ISLANDS, PERU, CHILI, BRAZIL, FRANCE, BELGIUM, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN NEW BRUNSWICK, &c., and will establish others, as its funds shall allow. Besides preaching the Gospel to seamen on ship board and on shore, and to those who do business upon our inland waters, Chaplains visit the sick and dying, and as far as possible supply the place of parents and friends.

2.—The monthly publication of the **SAILORS' MAGAZINE** and **SEAMEN'S FRIEND**, designed to collect and communicate information, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Christians of every name, in securing the objects of the Society. The last of these publications, the **SEAMEN'S FRIEND**, is gratuitously furnished Chaplains and Missionaries for distribution among seamen and others. The Society also publishes the **LIFE BOAT** for the use of Sabbath-schools.

3.—**LOAN LIBRARIES**, composed of carefully selected, instructive and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between forty and fifty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews, and placed as a general thing, in the care of converted sailors, who thus become for the time, effective missionaries among their shipmates. This plan of sea-missions contemplates much more than the placing of a Christian Library on ship-board, in that. (1) It places the library in the hands of an individual who takes it for the purpose of doing good with it, and who becomes morally responsible for the use made of it. (2) It places the library in the forecastle—the sailors' own apartment. (3) It contemplates a connection between the missionary and the individual who furnishes the instrument with which he works. The donor of each library is informed, if he requests it, when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it, is communicated. The whole number of libraries sent out by the Society, is 3,713, containing 180,000 volumes. Calculating frequent re-shipments, they have been accessible to probably 170,000 men. Over seven hundred hopeful conversions at sea have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sabbath-schools, and are frequently heard from as doing good service. This work may be and should be greatly extended. More than 20,000 American vessels remain to be supplied.

4.—The establishment of **SAILORS' HOMES**, **READING ROOMS**, **SAVING'S BANKS**, the distribution of **BIBLES**, **TRACTS**, &c.

The **SAILORS' HOME**, 190 Cherry St., New York, is the property and under the direction of the Society. It was opened in 1842, since which time it has accommodated 77,678 boarders. This one Institution has saved to seamen and their relatives, \$1,500,000. The moral and religious influence on the seamen sheltered there, can not be estimated. More or less shipwrecked seamen are constantly provided for at the Home. A Missionary of the Society is in daily attendance, and religious meetings are held on week day evenings.

The Society also aids the **HOME FOR COLORED SAILORS**, an excellent institution under the care of Mr. W. P. POWELL, 153 Thompson St. Similar institutions exist, under the care of auxiliary Societies, in the cities of **BOSTON**, **PHILADELPHIA**, **PORTLAND**, **NEW ORLEANS**, **SAN FRANCISCO**, and **HONOLULU**, S. I.

NOTE.—Twenty dollars contributed by any individual or Sabbath-school, will send a Library to sea, in the name of the donor. Thirty dollars makes a Life-Member; One Hundred dollars a Life Director. The **SAILORS' MAGAZINE** is, when asked for, sent gratuitously to Pastors, who take a yearly collection for the cause, and to Life-Members and Directors, upon an annual request for the same.